

# THE ILLUSTRATED BIRMINGHAM NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1921.

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A FAMOUS ENGLISH CATHEDRAL NOW UNDER A NEW BISHOP: THE TRANSEPT AT WELLS.

On another page in this number we give a portrait of the new Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Wynne Wilson, whose appointment was announced on October 4. He succeeds Dr. Kennion, who has

resigned after holding the See for 27 years. Wells Cathedral, built in the Early English style, is one of the chief architectural glories of the West of England.—[Painting strictly copyrighted.]

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. VAN ANROOV, R.I., SHOWN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS EXHIBITION, 1921.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WAS delighted to see that Dr. Kimmins, at the recent British Association Conference, declared that children still find the fullest measure of fun in Punch and Judy. He said that his investigations had convinced him that most children preferred it to the cinema, in which I entirely agree with them. I can enjoy the cinema also, in due and distant subordination to Punch and Judy. As Tennyson says, "Let her know her place; she is the second, not the first." At present it seems doubtful whether the cinema does know its place. It seems to have an indiscriminate craving for all stories and styles that are most unsuitable to it. I have remarked before on the incredible rumour of the filming of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play of "Pygmalion," which is exactly as if the original Pygmalion had advertised his statue

old liberty in a sort of glorious sunset, threw his rays of colour and romance on a thousand such poor and private figures, and among others on two men who travelled with a Punch and Judy. Dickens was a true egalitarian, seeing such men as men in an equal balance, for one of his showmen is a humbug and the other an honest fellow. But by no possibility could those two mountebanks have become millionaires, even by humbug, let alone honesty. They would never in any case become Lord Codlin and Sir Thomas Short. That is where they differed from any adventurer producing films; and that is where they fail to attract or interest the emancipated modern mind.

Punch and Judy, or more properly, perhaps, Codlin and Short, suffer from the opposite fault

to the vulgar universalism of the cinema. Punch is too modest, or Short is too shy. Punch and Judy, like the colder classical drama of Seneca and Corneille, does not extend its range even legitimately beyond certain unities of time and place. The firm of Messrs. Codlin and Short had in its hands a method

of the two in that vital respect—that Punch is defiant where Pelleas is only discontented. There is more kick in the old puppets than in many of the modern personalities. But I do not, as I say, propose to transfer the whole tragic and romantic drama of antiquity and modern times to that little stage in the street. I recognise its limitations, as the artists of the film do not seem to recognise theirs. The Punch and Judy method is admirably adapted to a certain type of artistic effect, which might be achieved by any number of other stories of the same style and spirit. It is adapted to the knock-about pantomime or fantastic farce, in which people are hammered with clubs or hanged on gibbets. But we have only to survey the society around us with a philosophical and philanthropic eye to see that there are many who want hammering as much as Judy, and many who need hanging as well as the Beadle. Anything in the way of mock tournaments, comic combats with broadsword or quarter-staff, dances at the end of a rope or otherwise, beheading people, boiling them in big pots, or other simple sports of an age of innocence, could be performed in this fashion with any amount of vivacity and variety. I see such a vista of adventures for the wooden dolls that I feel inclined to devote my declining years to writing dramas for the Punch and Judy show.

The art of the Punch and Judy, like the arts of the old guilds, is a handicraft. It is that low thing called manual labour, like the work of the sculptor, the violinist, and the painter of the Transfiguration. The interest of it lies in the fact that the only instrument really employed is the hand, and the costume of the comic figure is merely a kind of glove. Everything is done with those three



THE NEW SHERIFFS OF THE CITY SWORN IN AT THE GUILDFALL: MR. DE COURCY MOORE AND MR. G. MILLS MCKAY (RIGHT) ASSUMING THEIR CHAINS OF OFFICE.

as being recently translated from the original Hebrew, or arranged in syncopated time suitable to the banjo. It means literally nothing whatever. There is no play of "Pygmalion" apart from the tones of voice in which the heroine speaks. But apart from such extreme cases, the cinema producer seems to have very vague notions of the nature and limits of his own art. He delights in producing "Vanity Fair" by the machinery of the movies; or some such story that obviously depends on talk, and even on gossip. Now if I were to announce that I was producing "Vanity Fair" by the machinery of Punch and Judy, it would be clear that the form of art chosen had its limitations. It would have its triumphs also—the soul-sufficing, thundering thwack that Rawdon Crawley gives to Lord Steyne could be given with an energy far beyond the cinema or even the stage. These are the high moments of the Punch and Judy art; high even in philosophy and in ethics and politics. For do not our day-dreams of practical politics now largely consist in wishing we could hit wooden heads with a wooden stick?

The truth is that the cinema prevails over Punch and Judy not as great art, but merely as big business. There was probably more fun got out of, Punch and Judy, but there was less money got out of it. And many modern people have a sort of imaginative reverence for a thing not only because a lot of money is got out of it, but merely because a lot of money is put into it. The materials of the old puppet-show were as simple as the wood carving and colouring of the old mediæval crafts. The reason why all such puppet-shows have died out, I regret to say, is the same as that which has caused the guilds and the local liberties to die out. It is the same that has destroyed the free peasant and the small shopkeeper. It is the denial of dignity and poetry to the poor, and the concentration of worship as well as wealth upon a smaller and smaller ring of the rich. Dickens, who represented the last of the



AFTER THE ELECTION OF THE NEW LORD MAYOR: SIR JOHN BADDELEY (CARRYING BOUQUET) LEAVING THE GUILDFALL WITH HIS PREDECESSOR, SIR JAMES ROLL.

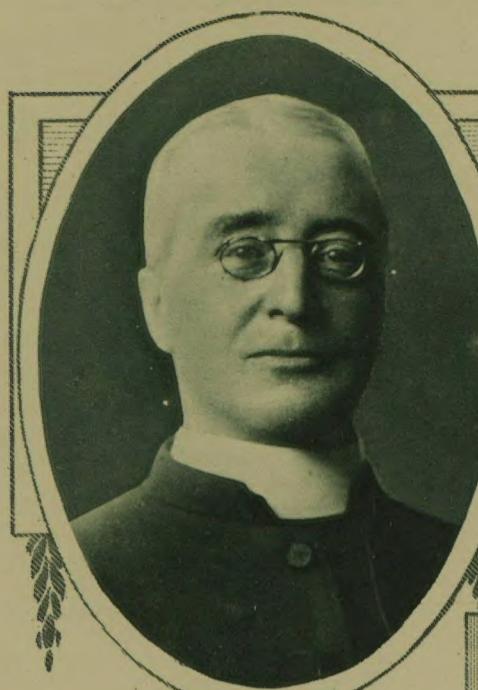
Sir John Baddeley was elected Lord Mayor of London for the coming year on Michaelmas Day at the Guildhall. A portrait of him appears on our Personal page in this number. His predecessor, Sir James Roll, has been made a Baronet; and knighthoods have been conferred on the retiring Sheriffs, Mr. W. R. Pryke and Colonel Sidney Wishart. The new Sheriffs, Mr. De Courcy Moore and Mr. G. Mills McKay, received their chains of office at the Guildhall on September 28.

that really could be applied to a great many other things besides Punch and Judy. I have always wondered that nobody has applied it; for the method of direct manipulation of dolls by the human hand itself is both a simple and a suggestive one. Like Mr. Short, I am more modest and moderate in my views than are the advertisers of the American film. I do not propose to produce "Pelleas and Melisande" in the manner of Punch and Judy. It might indeed be appropriate enough to represent such dramatic figures as dolls. The great Belgian dramatist often implies that his people are the puppets of fate. But they do not fight with fate with anything like the heroic courage shown by Mr. Punch. Punch is not a model of moral conduct in all his domestic relations; but the play is the more moral

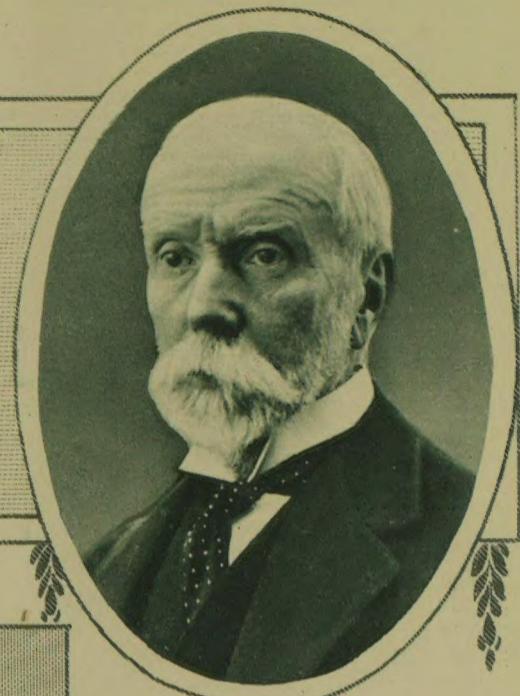
fingers, or rather two fingers and a thumb, with which, in fact, all the mightiest or most ingenious works of man have been done. Everything turns on the co-operation of that trinity of digits: the pen, the pencil, the bow of the violin, and even the foil or the sword. In this respect Punch and Judy has a purity and classical simplicity, as a form of art, superior even to what is more commonly called the puppet show—the more mechanical system of marionettes that work on wires. And there is this final touch of disgrace in the neglect of it: that while marionettes are mostly a foreign amusement, Punch has become a purely English survival. It is very English, it is really popular, it is within the reach of comparatively poor men. Who can wonder that it is dying out?

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

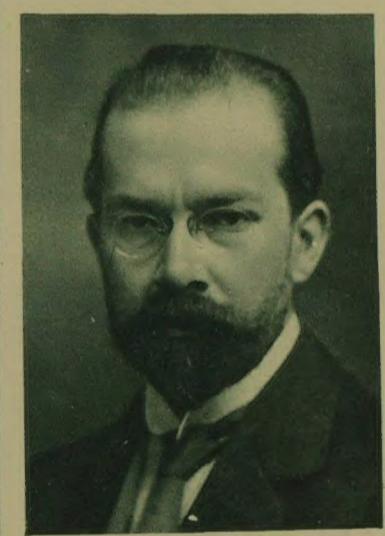
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAINE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BARRATT, TOPICAL, BIEBER, AND PRESS PORTAIT BUREAU.



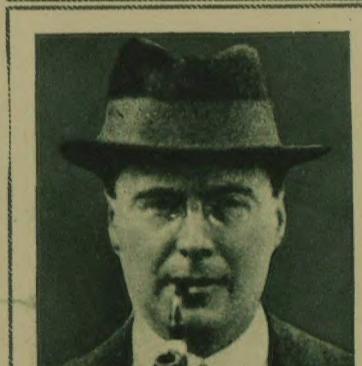
APPOINTED BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS: DR. WYNNE WILSON.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF BRISBANE:  
DR. GERALD SHARP.

A VETERAN K.C.: THE LATE MR. BALFOUR BROWNE.

A SINK FEIN DELEGATE TO THE IRISH CONFERENCE: MR. MICHAEL COLLINS,  
"MINISTER OF FINANCE" AND FORMERLY "COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF."

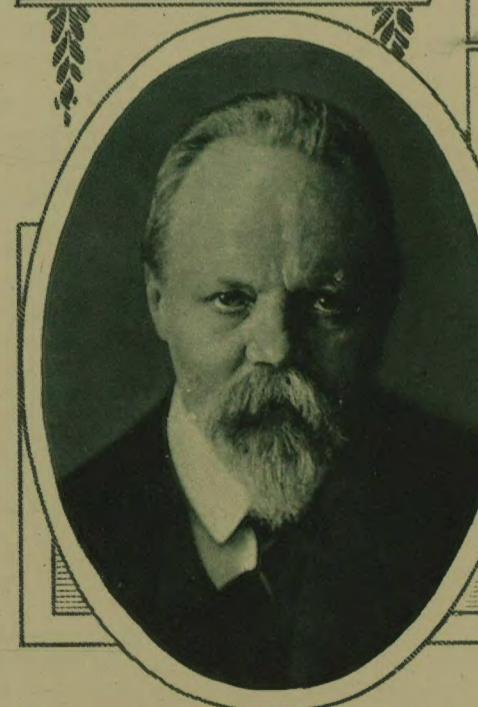
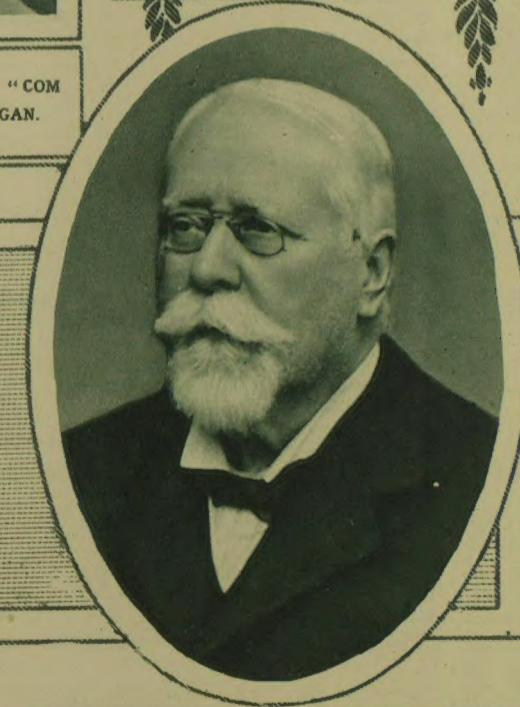
A SINK FEIN DELEGATE TO THE IRISH CONFERENCE: MR. GAVAN DUFFY.



A SINK FEIN DELEGATE: "COMMANDANT" R. C. BARTON.

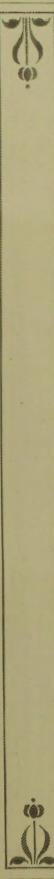


A SINK FEIN DELEGATE: "COMMANDANT" E. J. DUGGAN.

CHAIRMAN OF SINK FEIN DELEGATES:  
MR. ARTHUR GRIFFITH.THE COMPOSER OF "HÄNSEL UND GRETEL":  
THE LATE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.A FAMOUS COSTUMIER RECENTLY IN LONDON:  
M. PAUL POIRET.THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:  
SIR JOHN JAMES BADDELEY.

Dr. Wynne Wilson was successively Headmaster of Haileybury and Marlborough, and since 1915 he has been Dean of Bristol. He was born in 1868.—Dr. Gerald Sharp has been for about ten years Bishop of New Guinea. He was previously Vicar of Whitkirk, Leeds.—The late Mr. Balfour Browne, K.C., was "called" in 1870, and retired from the Parliamentary Bar in 1915. The next year appeared his book, "Forty Years at the Bar." In 1917 he served on the Civil Aerial Transport Committee.—Five members of Dail Eireann have been appointed as "a delegation of plenipotentiaries" to the Irish Conference to commence in London on October 11. Mr. De Valera, it will be observed,

is not himself a member of the delegation.—Engelbert Humperdinck, the famous composer, died in Berlin on September 27, aged 67. His best-known work was the fairy opera, "Hänsel und Gretel." He also wrote the incidental music for "The Miracle."—M. Paul Poiret, the well-known Parisian arbiter of fashion, lately came to London on a week's visit, as mentioned under our double-page drawing showing him at the Trocadero to judge women's dresses.—Sir John Baddeley, the new Lord Mayor of London, is the founder and head of the firm of Baddeley Brothers, die-sinkers, medallists, and engravers. He was Sheriff in 1908-9, and was knighted on the visit of the late Tsar and Tsaritsa.



**"LANDSCAPES" OF THE AIR: VIEWS SEEN BY THE NEW TRAVELLER.**

Aviation has provided a new means of transport for the traveller, and at the same time has opened up a new world of wonder and beauty to be seen on the way. He not only voyages among the clouds, but he can also look down on land and sea from a point of view never enjoyed before. Of these two remarkable air photographs, taken by Capt. Alfred G. Buckham, the lower one, entitled "Cumuli, altitude 6000 ft.," has been on view at the London Salon of Photography.

## "RAPID TRAINING FOR WAR": THE SINK FEIN ARMY IN THE OPEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.

AN I.R.A. FIELD DAY NEAR DUBLIN:  
A SQUAD AT RIFLE DRILL.

"THE locality was some miles from Dublin amidst wild country approached by rough hillside roads. . . . The parade-ground consisted of fields, at the foot of wild and rocky hills. Here from ten o'clock until five 800 men of the battalion drilled in companies and squads, performed military evolutions, and carried out the variety of specialised training which is a familiar feature of the work of a British regiment. . . . The average age was stated to be 25. With the exception of one or two who wore the uniform of the Irish Volunteers, the men were clad in plain clothes. The day was wet. They were muddled and soaked by rain, but very enthusiastic and keen to make a creditable show before their chiefs."

MASKED WITH HANDKERCHIEFS TO CONCEAL THEIR IDENTITY: A LEWIS-GUN DISPLAY  
AT A BATTALION PARADE OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY.

"WITH A DEADLY KIND OF GERMAN REVOLVER": AN I.R.A. SQUAD DISPLAY.

"THE members of another section were receiving instructions upon the Lewis gun, each in turn taking the gun into mock action. . . . The parade concluded with a battalion march-past to the music of a band playing 'The Soldier's Song.' Mr. Richard Mulcahy took the salute, and afterwards addressed a few words to the men. He congratulated them upon their development as a battalion, and particularly on their young officers. Theirs was rapid training for war, and though their Government was negotiating with the British Government, and there was a good deal of platitude about ideal settlements, they were negotiating with an enemy which still had its foot on their throats. In the I.R.A. they had a fabric which would not be broken. Then the battalion dismissed, revolvers were thrust deep into pockets, the machine-guns and all the implements of war vanished, and the soldiers became civilians again. . . . To continue in training and drill during the operation of truce the I.R.A. regards merely as a commonplace course similar to that followed by British regiments."

Although the leaders of Sinn Fein have accepted the Premier's invitation to a Conference, they have evidently not dismissed the possibility of a resort to force, and are preparing for contingencies on the often-quoted principle—"Si vis pacem, para bellum." A Dublin correspondent, writing in the "Daily Telegraph" of October 4, said: "Since the truce brought relief from an entirely subterranean mode of activity, the Irish Republican Army has gradually come more into the open. The removal practically, if not nominally, of the ban of illegality and the cessation of hostilities has brought a period of respite, which is not being wasted. The Republicans' forces are not resting. They are

undergoing a period of rapid training for possible contingencies, of which everyone in Dublin is acutely conscious. The veil of secrecy has at least partially been lifted. It is a fact of fairly common knowledge that in the hills all over the country I.R.A. camps have been established, and Republican troops are daily drilling and preparing themselves to meet a renewal of war should the necessity arise. I witnessed on Sunday a parade of the 6th Battalion of the I.R.A., upon the occasion of an inspection by Richard Mulcahy, Chief of Staff of the I.R.A., and various other members of headquarters staff." Our photographs illustrate the occasion, with other extracts from the same article.

## AN IMMORTAL ALLIANCE: "GILBERT AND SULLIVAN" AGAIN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"THE GONDOLIERS"—AT THE PRINCES THEATRE: (L. TO R.) LUIZ (MR. HENRY MILLIDGE), CASILDA (MISS HELEN GILLILAND), THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (MR. HENRY LYTTON) AND THE DUCHESS (MISS BERTHA LEWIS).

The undying popularity of Gilbert and Sullivan opera was proved once more at the opening of the new season at the Princes Theatre, on October 3, with a revival of "The Gondoliers." The house was packed, and the enthusiasm was tremendous, every well-known air being encored. Most of the players, headed by Mr. Henry Lytton, are established favourites, and their entrance was greeted with tumultuous applause. The company is particularly fortunate to possess

in Miss Bertha Lewis such a worthy successor to Miss Rosina Brandram in the part of the Duchess. The success of the season is already assured by the advance bookings. The Gilbert and Sullivan alliance owes its triumph to the exquisite finish both of words and music, and to the perfect collaboration of composer and librettist. It has become an institution, and many feel that it ought to have a permanent home in London.

## A NEW BISHOP; AN OLD WAR-SHIP; EARL HAIG; OPPAU; SILESIA.

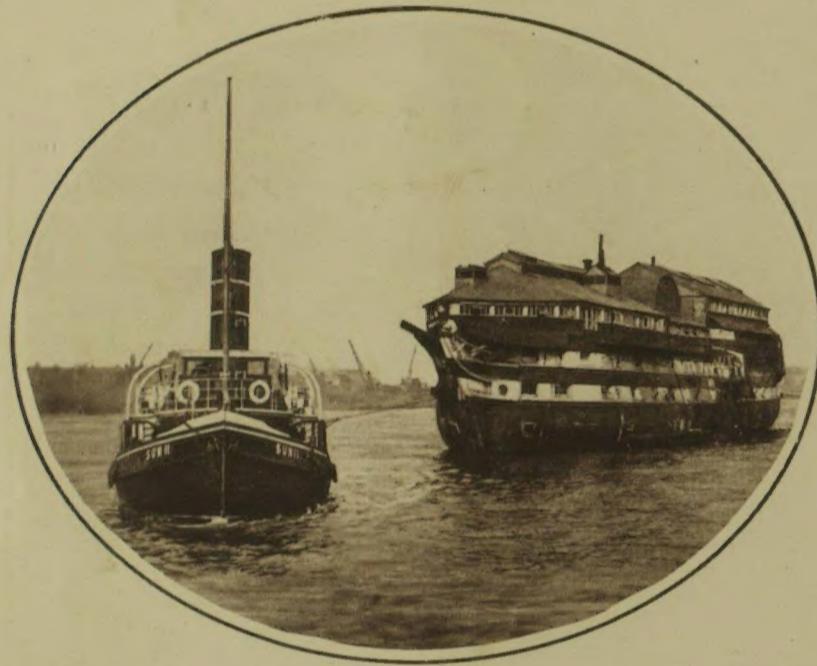
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COUSINS (BURY ST. EDMUNDS), TOPICAL, C.N., CLICOTHEK (BERLIN), AND B.S.F. OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.



TROOPS LINING THE STREETS AT A BISHOP'S ENTHRONEMENT: DR. DAVID ON HIS WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS.



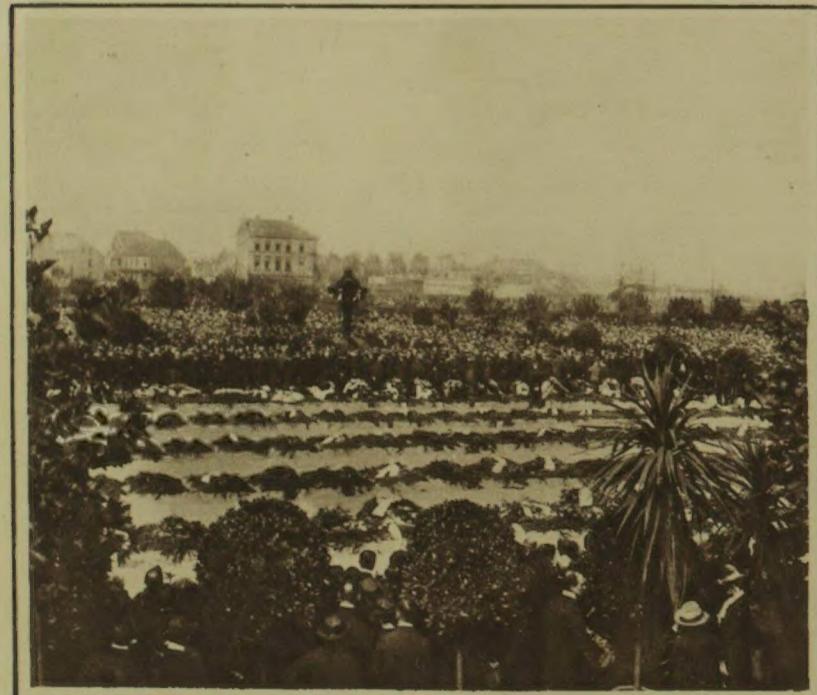
THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. EDMUNDSBURY AND IPSWICH: DR. DAVID (PRECEDED BY HIS CROZIER-BEARER) IN HIS ENTHRONEMENT PROCESSION.



SCRAPPING "THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND": H.M.S. "HINDUSTAN," AN OLD THREE-DECKER, ON HER WAY TO THE SHIPBREAKER'S.



INDEFATIGABLE ON BEHALF OF HIS MEN: EARL HAIG (CENTRE) OPENING A SETTLEMENT FOR DISABLED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS AT EDINBURGH.



A SEQUEL TO THE GREAT EXPLOSION IN THE GERMAN CHEMICAL WORKS AT OPPAU: THE BURIAL OF VICTIMS IN A HUGE COMMON GRAVE.

Dr. David, Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, was enthroned on September 29 in the Cathedral at Bury St. Edmunds. Officers and men of the Suffolk Regiment lined the streets, which were decorated with flags.—H.M.S. "Hindustan," an old three-decker, is to be broken up. Our photograph shows her being towed into Long's Wharf, Woolwich, for that purpose, on October 3.—Earl Haig opened on October 1, near Edinburgh, the Leith Garden Settlement for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers, at Earl Haig Gardens, Mayfield, Leith. Among those seen in our photograph are Sir George McCrae, Gen. Sir Francis Davies, Lord Salvesen, Sir Malcolm Smith, and Lady Smith.—Many of the five hundred people killed by the great explosion at Oppau were



BRITISH MILITARY JURISDICTION IN UPPER SILESIA: THE SUMMARY COURT OF THE B.S.F. WHICH DEALS WITH OFFENCES AGAINST THE REGULATIONS.

buried in a large common grave on September 25. The German President, Herr Ebert, attended, and there was a great concourse of mourners.—"The Summary Court of the British Silesian Force," writes a correspondent, "dealt with offences against the Military and against the B.S.F. Orders regulating the conduct of the inhabitants of towns occupied by our troops. It had principally to deal with the offences of selling alcohol to troops in forbidden hours; of selling spirit (schnapps of a peculiarly vile type) at any time to troops; and of circulating at forbidden hours, i.e., after the Curfew hour of 10 p.m. As the state of siege is now raised, the Court no longer sits. Offences were mainly punished by fines varying from Mk. 100 to Mk. 1000."

## WONDER PLACES OF THE WORLD: II.—A FAMOUS BRIDGE IN SPAIN.

FROM THE DRAWING BY HENRY C. BREWER, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS EXHIBITION, 1921.



A STRUCTURE WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF A QUAIN STORY: THE PUENTE DE SAN MARTIN,  
OVER THE TAGUS AT TOLEDO.

Toledo is one of the most famous and picturesque of the ancient cities of Spain, very prosperous in older days when its sword-manufacturing was celebrated throughout the world; but most of its glories have now departed. There are two bridges across the Tagus at Toledo, one the Puente de Alcántara, and the other the Puente de San Martín, shown in the drawing reproduced above. The latter was built in 1212, and restored in 1390. It has five arches, and each end is guarded by a huge gate-tower: that to the north bearing the arms of Toledo, and that to the south a statue of St. Julian, by Berruguete. A quaint

story is told of the building of this bridge. The architect discovered, whilst the work was going on, that as soon as the centre supports were removed the arches would fall, and confided his fears to his wife. With woman's wit, she promptly set fire to the centring, and when the whole fell together, everyone attributed the calamity to the accident of the fire! When the bridge had been built again, she confessed; but Archbishop Tenorio, instead of making her husband pay the expenses, is said to have merely complimented him on the treasure he had in his wife!—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

# The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

THE late Mrs. Charles Calvert, one of the most popular veterans of our stage, enjoyed the privilege of Queens: with the public and the critics she could do no wrong. She belonged distinctly to the older school, in that she played with a certain slow deliberation, dwelling on her point and giving to every word its firm coinage; but intellectually she went splendidly with the times. Who could forget her in "Lord and Lady Algy," R. C. Carton's finest comedy, with her lap-dog; or in "Arms and the Man"? These creations lie years behind us, yet they seem photographed on our minds. In her youth she played Cleopatra and all the handsome heroines of Shakespeare; and to recall this seems as peculiar as the memory of a slim Queen Victoria on horseback and the venerable Queen as we saw her in her last glorious days of the Diamond Jubilee. Indeed, with a little difference, there was much in Mrs. Calvert which reminded one of the great Queen: a matronly figure, imposing, irrespective of height; a certain shyness of deportment which added piquancy to her utterances; a charming smile which spoke volumes; withal a rare domination of personality. When she was on the stage the *entourage* was dwarfed—which is, perhaps, the secret of the ineffaceable impression she left behind long after her retirement. Hers was the proud record of a proud mother whose sons, like herself, found a place of their own in our over-populated world of the theatre.

We hear that Mr. Lloyd George recently declared that he would not get well until he had seen Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid," and that a tiny kinema was sent to Gairloch as healer. Having seen the two displays which, with their hero, are the talk of London, I can well believe the effect on a much-burdened mind. There is no play so funny as Charlie's dream of how he waylaid and captured the Kaiser; and there is no play so comically pathetic as the adventures of the little foundling who adored his foster-father and broke windows in order that the arch-joker could make a few "quarters" for food. In "The Kid," apart from the truly marvellous performance of the child, we find the secret of Charlie's universal fascination. He is not only a great mimic, a great comedian—we knew all that long since—but he is an actor of tragic power. In those eyes of his, in that countenance adaptable to every expression, there is something more than unlimited sense of humour—there is an emotional force so intense, so heartfelt, so moving, that even I, a pretty hardened playgoer and not given to outward demonstration, felt the lump in my throat as well as dimness in my eyes. That face of Charlie's when at length he recovered the little Kid in the house of his mother, and the childish arms clasped round his neck, was more telling than a dramatic monologue or a happy ending in words. It was the indefinable touch of nature which sounded all the chords of the heart. We forgot the absence of voice and colour—the expression

did it all. After that, one would like to know what his voice would be like: whether it has the same clarity as his features; if so—don't laugh!—I would see in him a Hamlet as pathetic as ever has trodden the stage. This strange man who is more famous than all the geniuses of our time; who has brought more cheer to human souls in every quarter of the world, from the civilised West to the hinterland of Korea; who is accessible to the most fastidious, most blasé grown-ups, as well as to the kid that begins to talk—there were such at Covent Garden on that Saturday afternoon, and they crowded with glee—this unspoilt idol of the people is not an actor in the mere technical sense

shot in the dark. We should, therefore, be considerate and not expect perfection all at once. If one appreciates Mr. John Hastings Turner's quaint admixture of the "Now" of to-day and the "Then" of Queen Bess in this spirit, there is much pleasure to be derived from it. It is a bold attempt to let us see how modern Cockneys and one of blue blood would disport themselves if by magic wand they were called upon to reconstruct the Elizabethan period. Here is a good beginning, something which is at times really witty and written with a pen of grace. The lyrics, too, of Mr. Reginald Arkell seem to be well matched to the dialogue. Mr. George Graves is the delightful leader of the medley, an old Hoxton huckster inflated to riches with no manners to match. His is a truly screamingly funny figure; and his gags, studded with chestnuts and new gems, are as irresistible as his Elizabethan costume, which looks like a ladies' hosiery show-window on sale days. Miss Laura Cowie was the Queen Bess, and I must say frankly that she disappointed me. Her make-up bereft the Queen of every vestige of charm—it was like a "mask" in one of the revues and almost rendered all facial expression impossible, and her demeanour lacked even mock-regal dignity. I sought in vain for the note of satire. In Mr. Roy Royston and Miss Joyce Barbour we had a delightful pair of juvenile lovers—both fresh, without "side," singing and dancing with grace to their hearts' content, and enunciating the lyrics with point and clarity. The whole thing is mad and merry, and if it succeeds there will be more gay incursions into the Comic History of England, which means new wicks for the good old lamp of Revue.



IN HER NEW "BIG THRILL" AT THE PLAYHOUSE: MISS GLADYS COOPER AS MRS. "LAFFE" REGAN IN "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR"—THE SCENE IN THE LOCKED ROOM AFTER THE KILLING OF THE VILLAIN BY HER HUSBAND.

Miss Gladys Cooper gives a thrilling performance in Mr. Channing Pollock's new drama at the Playhouse, "The Sign on the Door." Her part is that of a wife who tries to save her step-daughter from a villain by whom she herself was once betrayed. Going to his rooms she watches (in hiding) a quarrel between her husband and the villain, who is killed with his own revolver. The husband, after arranging the body to suggest suicide, goes off and locks the door outside. The wife, left alone with the body, is frantic. She fires two more shots and, rushing to the telephone, gives herself up (in order to shield her husband) as having killed the man in self-defence.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

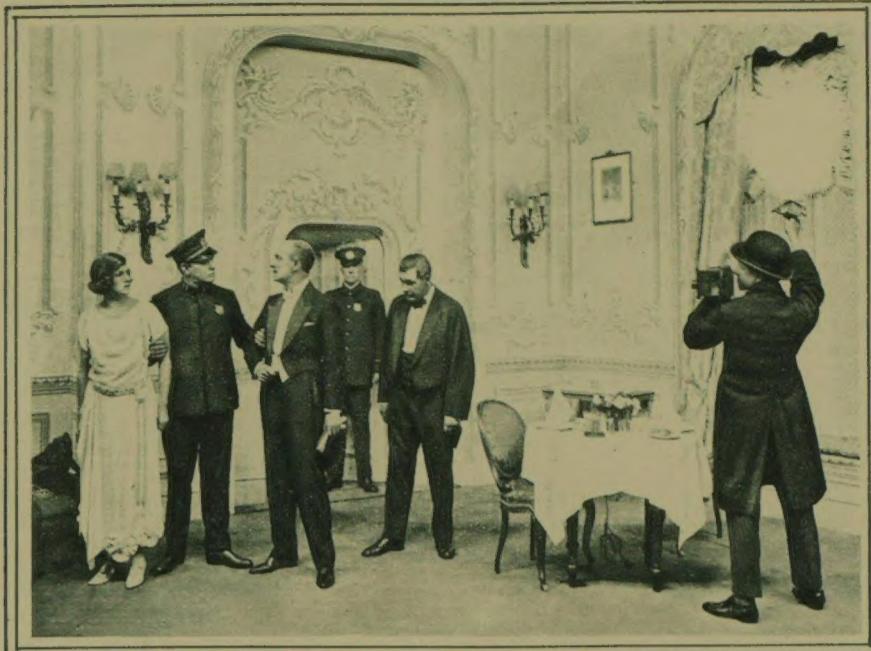
of the word. He is the embodiment of all that is elementary in human nature. To realise this is to understand and not to scoff at his regal progress wherever he goes. *Au fond*, we all like to be reminded of the days when we were boys and girls, and looked upon the world as a playground. That is what Charlie Chaplin does, and for that he is worshipped as a harbinger of joy.

Now that the last word has been practically said in the genre-revue, our merrymakers are on the look-out for pastures new. Theirs is not an easy task, for it takes time to find out what the public wants, and the beginning is more or less a

I wonder what tempted Mr. McKinnel once more to resuscitate "La Cena delle Beffe," which as "The Jest," did none too well for Mr. Henry Ainley, and which in the new version of Mr. Fernald, under the title of "The Love Thief," became merely strident melodrama, boisterous but not beautiful in sounding phrases and long tirades of words. The redeeming features were the exquisite scenery and the costumes devised by that master-producer, Komisarjevski, and the acting of Mr. McKinnel in the gruesome cellar-scene of simulated madness. Unfortunately, Mr. Thesiger's impersonation of the poet was merely a *tour de force* of mind over matter; the part demands a poetic figure, romantic to behold, passionate by nature. And Miss Cathleen Nesbitt's heroine never carried us away either by her shrewishness or her emotion. Yet the part is great with opportunities. When Stella Rho, that English actress of Italian extraction, who has more than once shown the making of a *tragédienne*, played it in Italian at the little Cosmopolis Theatre in Holborn, just before the war, it roused such enthusiasm that Sir Herbert Tree and other managers present showered glorious promises of a fortune on the actress. At the Comedy, the character remained in the background, and so the play became a monopoly for the principal interpreter.

## THE GREAT PLAYHOUSE SUCCESS: "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO CO



"SNAPPED" UNDER ARREST IN THE RESTAURANT: ANN HUNNIWELL (GLADYS COOPER) AND DEVEREAUX (LESLIE FABER) WATCHED BY THE MYSTERY MAN.



OVERHEARD BY "LAFE" REGAN (GODFREY TEARLE): HELEN (MURIEL MARTIN-HARVEY) DEFIES HER STEP-MOTHER (GLADYS COOPER).



THE MURDER WITNESSED BY MRS. REGAN: DEVEREAUX (LESLIE FABER); REGAN (GODFREY TEARLE); AND MRS. REGAN (GLADYS COOPER).

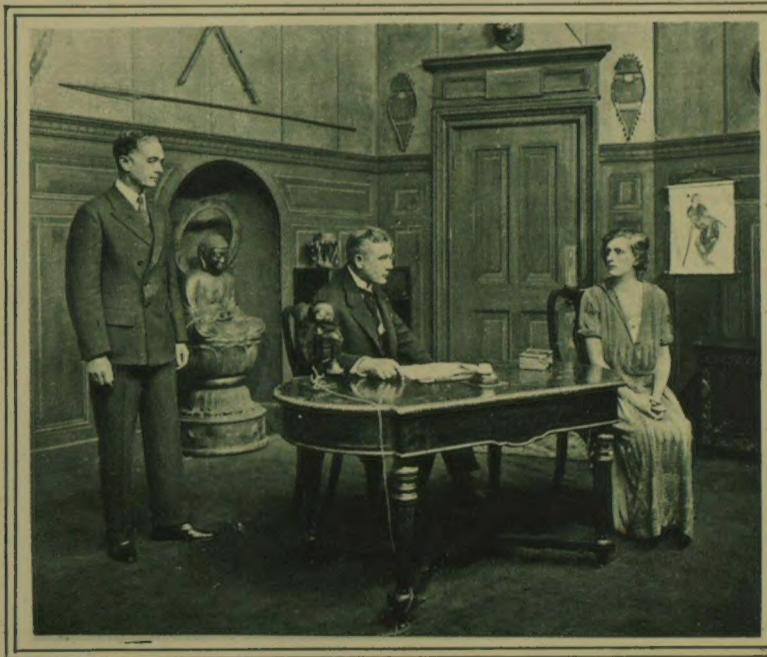


SETTING THE STAGE FOR A "SUICIDE": "LAFE" REGAN (GODFREY TEARLE) USES THE MURDERED MAN'S OWN "SIGN."



MRS. REGAN DECIDES TO SHOULDER THE GUILT OF THE CRIME: GLADYS COOPER'S GREAT SCENE.

"The Sign on the Door," by Mr. Channing Pollock, which was recently produced at the Playhouse, is a cleverly-constructed stage play, which keeps the audience "worked up" from the beginning to the very end. The prologue shows the heroine—Gladys Cooper—as the young stenographer who has been lured to a restaurant of ill-fame by Frank Devereaux (Leslie Faber), the son of her employer. The place is raided and the pair are "snapped" by an enterprising photographer. Five years later, Ann Hunniwell is the wife of "Lafe" Regan (Godfrey Tearle) a stockbroker with one daughter Helen (Muriel Martin-Harvey). Mrs. Regan finds that Helen is in danger of falling into the hands of the evil Devereaux, and is about to visit him alone in his rooms. She decides to go



THE MYSTERY MAN WHO HOLDS THE KEY OF THE SITUATION: ROBERT MINSTER (HUGH) AND GLADYS COOPER.

there also and save her. "Lafe" Regan has also gone to see Devereaux, in order to avenge another of his women victims. Mrs. Regan arrives first and hides in the bedroom. From there she overhears the row which ends in Devereaux being shot by Regan, who then "sets the stage" for suicide by placing the revolver in the dead man's hand, and pinning up the sign "Do not disturb me," on the locked door. Mrs. Regan is thus trapped, and in the big scene of the play she decides to take the guilt for the murder on herself by saying that she killed Devereaux in self-defence, and calling for the police. The final solution of the drama is, however, provided in an unexpected way by the Mystery Man (Robert Minster). The old photograph complicates the case.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE decades of the century are such convenient divisions that they tempt us into the doubtfully accurate habit of imputing a hard-and-fast character to each. Yet a general character there is, and this tendency to fix it has been fostered by a succession of books, which, starting with the 'Sixties of the last century, has taken every following ten years apart and considered it as a separate epoch. Mr. Justin McCarthy drew the Portraits of the 'Sixties; Mr. George Russell those of the 'Seventies; Mr. Horace Hutchinson took the 'Eighties as his parish; and the late lamented century has now been closed with Mr. E. T. Raymond's "PORTRAITS OF THE 'NINETIES" (Fisher Unwin; 15s.) This period has come in for a good deal of adverse criticism lately, criticism that has drawn a vigorous counterblast from a poet of the 'Nineties who, although still happily with us, "went West" in a physical sense about the time the 'Nineties were running out, and now addresses Fleet Street and the adjacent alleys of adventure from beyond the Atlantic.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's article, "What's Wrong with the Eighteen-nineties?" in the American *Bookman* for September, has no connection with Mr. Raymond's essays, other than coincidence of theme. He is distressed at discovering among younger men what he calls "a quite feminine ferocity against the eighteen-nineties" and their "delightful Master-Demoralisers." Mr. Le Gallienne, while admitting that the revolt may be in certain cases deserving of respect, finds wholesale condemnation the work of black ingratitude, for it is to the best of the Master Demoralisers that the young rebels of to-day owe their freedom from the fetters of Victorianism, "the mortal coil of sham faith and sham morality." The prophets of the 'Nineties, he says, went to extremes, as must always be the case, and their young disciples of to-day have gone to further extremes they (the prophets) did not anticipate or desire. His chief quarrel with the cavilling Nineteen-Twenties is that they strive in vain to match the old gods. As yet he sees no great new creative work from the rebellious young men. But he does not sorrow as those that have no hope. While he finds most of the alleged "original" work of the moment "a combination of insanity and impudence," he is comforted by the presence among us of Drinkwater, D. H. Lawrence, Ralph Hodgson, and in America of Amy Russell Lowell and Edgar Lee Masters.

There is just a suspicion of incoherence in Mr. Le Gallienne's diatribe, and one wonders if the attack he attacks was worth attacking, or the cause he defends worth defending so fiercely. For at the best the 'Nineties, although interesting, were but the fag-end of an age, and their typical literature and art was rather Alexandrian than Augustan. The Twentieth Century was hardly ten years old when it began to put "the bold, bad days of the Yellow Book" in their proper perspective as "a half-forgotten affectation." One reviewer, castigating a novel somewhat reminiscent of the former time, said that "in the cold, hard light of another century, the whole thing seemed as faint and far away as some old familiar melody, echoed from a barrel organ, across a yellow London square, in the chequered twilight of some later spring." That is just the proper style and degree of chastisement that fits the amiable butterfly of a decade. That old reviewer had much the same feeling as Mr. Raymond when he says that "theatrically the 'Nineties

were a rather tired late summer fading into an inglorious autumn."

In the "Portraits" there is no ferocity of criticism, feminine or otherwise. Mr. Raymond, coolly magisterial, has the 'Nineties up, as it were, before a journalistic "beak," to be admonished and dismissed. He views the decade as a whole: it is not for him, as for Mr. Le Gallienne, merely a literary

the exception of Mr. Hardy, who, coming into his own with "Tess" in 1891, may be considered of the 'Nineties literary company, but apart, pre-eminent and resting on foundations prepared long before. To the tenth decade's tale of books Meredith contributed his last three novels; but he, too, stands far apart from the practitioners more usually identified with the literary movement of the time. He could not, however, have been omitted from a Victorian gallery containing Gladstone, Salisbury, Harcourt, Spencer, Morley, Rhodes and Watts, to name only the greater gods among the persons represented in broad and uncompromising outlines.

The writer of the American article already mentioned proposes that someone should "demonstrate how Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer were directly responsible for the gay disintegrating wit of Wilde." Perhaps a line in Mr. Raymond's "Herbert Spencer" may afford a clue to further research. At thirteen, we learn, Herbert Spencer was described as "having no fear of the Lord nor fear of any law or authority." A similar attitude marked the pinchbeck "revolt" of the 'Nineties, which Mr. Raymond traces, so far as it was unwholesome, not to Spencer or Darwin, but to the poisoned wound France received in 1870. "Beardsley was Beardsley chiefly because Bismarck was Bismarck." Why not go back to Frederick the Great?

The "Nineties" of Seventeen Hundred have a chapter to themselves in "LORDS AND COMMONS," by Sir Henry Lucy (Fisher Unwin; 18s. 6d.) It is mere accident that brings that decade into the ever agreeable pages of "Toby, M.P.," for this most delightful little essay entitled "In Ninety Eight," arose from an old number of the *Times*, bearing date October 3, 1798, "which has by good luck floated down the tide of time these hundred years." From the single sheet, crumpled and yellow with age, Sir Henry reads to us the chief morsels of interest. They are certainly worth re-reading, for, in addition to despatches from the battlefield in Ireland, then in open rebellion, the number contains "the text of

Nelson's simple announcement of the glorious victory of the Nile." Mr. Kemble's acting, Mr. Fox's celebration of the anniversary of his first election for Westminster, a reward for the apprehension of a daring robber of H.M. Mails, a

quarrel about the proprietorship of the *Annual Register*, appear on the bill of journalistic fare. We see King George patronising country sports held near Dorchester, in honour of his eldest daughter's birthday. Consols stood at 50 $\frac{1}{2}$  £ 4. But this is only a pleasant interlude in a Parliamentary chronicle by the greatest of Gallery hands, who knows St. Stephen's like a book and makes inimitable books about the place and its frequenters. One of the best of Sir Henry's humorous little pictures is his description of a Prorogation by Commission, with its dreary sequel, the giving of the Royal Assent to Bills. There "Toby," as might be expected, contrives exactly to suggest the accessories of a puppet show, which make that solemn survival of archaic procedure a thing of "mournful ludicrousness," a burlesque of pageantry; worse, a serious waste of public

NOVELISTS BOTH: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH (RIGHT) IN HER STUDIO WITH MRS. HOLDSWORTH ("G. B. STERN"). Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's London home is at 3, Pembroke Studios, where our photographs were taken. Mrs. Holdsworth is also well known as a writer, under the name of "G. B. Stern." She contributes frequently to "The Sketch."—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

or artistic entity. He admits "stirrings in letters and art," and he deals faithfully with several of the great or eminent writers and artists whom the poet invokes, but statesmen, philosophers, divines, empires-

A NOVELIST OF THE COUNTRYSIDE: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, IN HER BOUDOIR AT HER LONDON HOME.

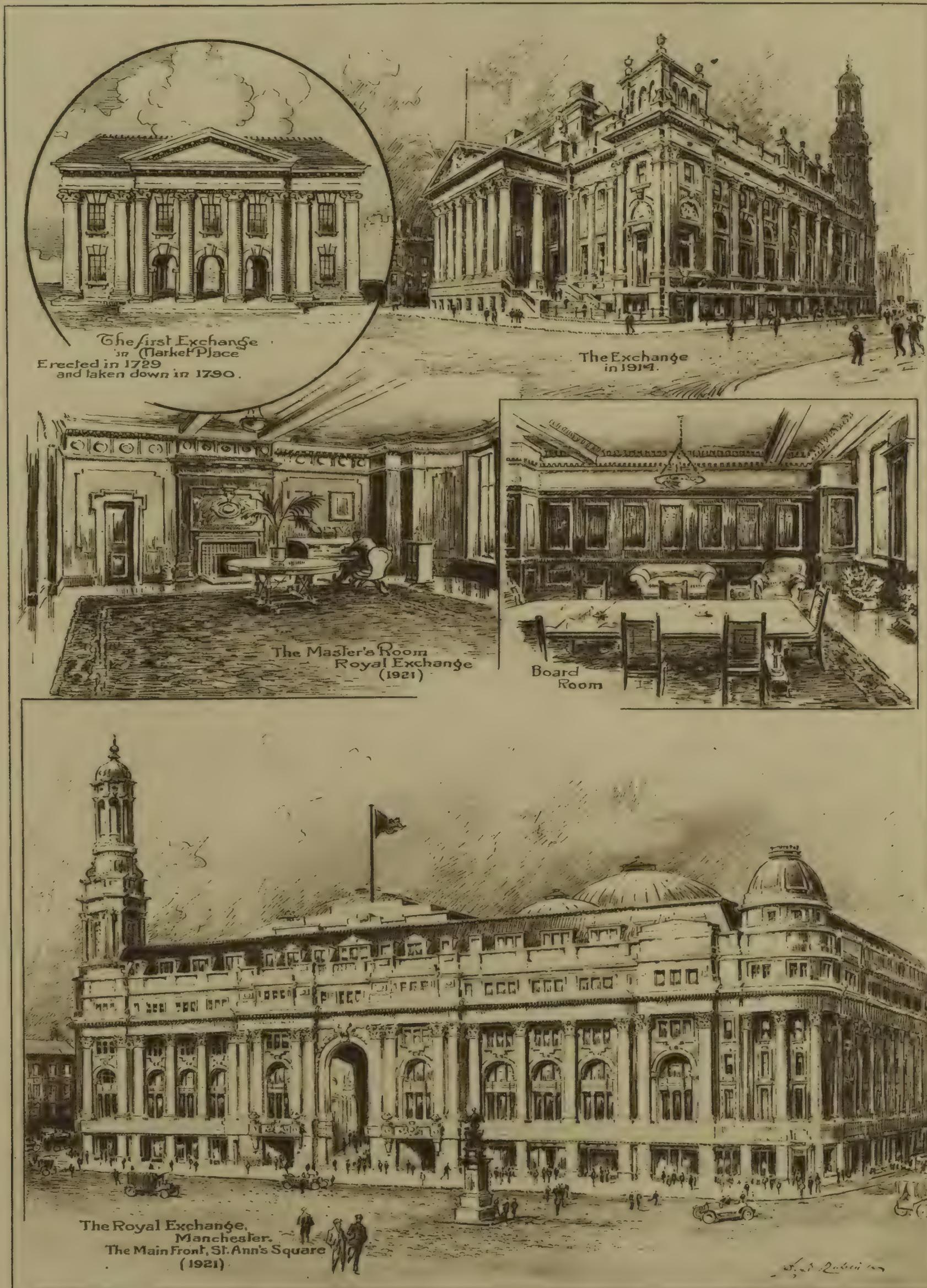
Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith is one of the few novelists who interpret English country life. Her latest book, "Joanna Godden" (Cassell), has for background the Kent and Sussex marshes, where the heroine has a farm. Among its best-known predecessors were "Sussex Gorse," "Tamarisk Town," and "Green Apple Harvest." Her first book, "A Tramping Methodist," appeared in 1908.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

builders, lawyers, journalists, and actors are his chief concern. The more eminent persons portrayed belong only partially to the so-called 'Nineties: most of them are survivals from an earlier time, with

time. "It might be dispensed with, with distinct advantage to public business and the dignity of Parliament." In "Lords and Commons" Sir Henry Lucy gives us of his very best.

## 1729 TO 1921: TWO CENTURIES OF MANCHESTER'S EXCHANGE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



## A SIGN OF LANCASHIRE'S COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT: THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE AT MANCHESTER; THE BUILDING BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION; AND THE FIRST EXCHANGE OF 1729.

The first Exchange at Manchester was built in the Market Place in 1729 and pulled down in 1790. In 1745 the heads of three officers of the Pretender's Army, executed in London, were exhibited on it. The second Exchange was built on the site of the present one and opened in 1809, with 1543 members; it was extended in 1841, when the membership was 2543, and again in 1849. The third Exchange was built between 1867 and 1874, when it had 6663 members; the upper drawing on the right shows it in 1914. It is this building

that has now been entirely reconstructed (as shown in the large drawing below) and is to be opened by the King. The architects were Messrs. Bradshaw, Gass, and Hope. The main façade, it will be seen, has been transferred to the other end, and the old clock tower, at the corner of Market Street and Exchange Street, has been embodied in this new frontage. The work has taken seven years to complete. It was begun in 1914, and was steadily continued through the war, in spite of many difficulties.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## TO BE OPENED BY THE KING: MANCHESTER'S NEW ROYAL

DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON. PHOTOGRAPHS

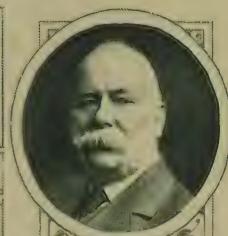
CAPTAIN BACON  
Chairman, Manch. Ship Canal.SIR ED. STOCKTON  
Pres., Manch. Chamb. of Com.SIR CHAS. W. MACAIRE, Bt.  
Chairman, Cotton Emp. Assoc.SIR PERCY WADDINGTON,  
Chm. of Com. and Un. Assoc.SIR E. T. BROADHURST, Bt.  
Pres., Manchester Athenaeum.SIR ARTHUR A. HAWORTH, Bt.  
Chairman of the Manchester Royal Exchange.MAJOR RICHARD J. ALLEN, F.C.I.S.  
Master of the Manchester Royal Exchange.MR. LENNOX B. LEE  
A Director of the Manchester Royal Exchange.MR. DONALD BEITH  
A Director of the Manchester Royal Exchange.

WITH A FLOOR SPACE OF NEARLY ONE-AND-THREE-QUARTER ACRES: THE GREAT HALL OF TRADERS FOR DIRECT BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

The King has arranged to visit Manchester, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Mary, on October 8 to open the Royal Exchange, which has been so reconstructed and enlarged as to be practically a new building. It stands on an island site, with a ground space of 9222 square yards, or 1.7 acres, and the floor of the great hall, which is on the first storey and forms the Exchange proper, extends in an unbroken level over nearly the whole of this huge area. It is 310 ft. long by 215 ft. wide, and has justly been called "the world's greatest place of assembly of traders for direct business transactions." The hall is lit from above by two large and four smaller glazed domes. The inscription partly seen in our drawing, round the base of one of the large domes, reads: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold." (Proverbs xxii. 1.) A great feature of the interior

## EXCHANGE; ITS DIRECTORS; AND OTHER CITY MAGNATES.

BY LAFAYETTE (MANCHESTER), WITH TWO BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.

ALD. WILLIAM KAY,  
Lord Mayor of Manchester.MR. THOMAS HUDSON,  
Town Clerk, Manchester.MR. ARTHUR J. ASHTON,  
Recorder of Manchester.MR. E. D. SIMON,  
Prospective Lord Mayor.MR. ERNEST LATIMER,  
Manag. Dir., M. Ship Canal.MR. JOHN E. YATES,  
Treasurer of the Manchester Royal Exchange.SIR FRANK FORBES ADAM, Bt., C.B., C.I.E.  
A Director of the Manchester Royal Exchange.CAPTAIN G. POWYS DEWHURST,  
A Director of the Manchester Royal Exchange.MR. TOM GARNETT  
A Director of the Manchester Royal Exchange.

OF THE MANCHESTER ROYAL EXCHANGE, "THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLACE OF ASSEMBLY BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS."

is the double colonnade of marble pillars, in the style of Imperial Roman architecture. On the extreme right in the foreground is part of the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Vast as it is, the Exchange is not too big for its purpose, when it is considered as the focus of the largest industrial area in the Empire, having within a radius of fifty miles some nine million people mostly engaged in trade and commerce. It belongs to a limited company, of whose directors and officials we give portraits above, together with other leading magnates of the city. The membership numbers between 11,000 and 12,000, and last year in the cotton trade alone about 2000 firms were represented, controlling 60,000,000 spindles and 800,000 looms. These industries are worth about £300,000,000. In 1920 they consumed 3,434,147 bales of cotton, weighing 1,726,011,159 lb.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH: OPPAU RUINS FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE COMPAGNIE AÉRIENNE FRANÇAISE.



A CAUSE OF 2000 CASUALTIES PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE—SHOWING THE ENORMOUS CRATER-LAKE FORMED BY THE PRINCIPAL EXPLOSION: THE DEVASTATED GERMAN CHEMICAL WORKS AT OPPAU.

Although we have already illustrated (in our issue of October 1) the scene of the great explosion in the works of the Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik at Oppau on September 21, we give this further photograph, taken from a French aeroplane, as showing the great extent of the devastation. The enormous crater in the foreground, measuring about 300 feet in width by 40 feet in depth, was the result of the principal explosion in a storehouse containing some 4000 tons of ammonium sulphate saltpetre. The crater filled with water owing to the bursting of pipes

and to subterranean infiltration, thus forming a lake. Beyond are seen wrecked factories, and in the background is the Rhine. The explosion was one of the greatest industrial disasters on record, both as regards material damage and loss of life. Some 500 people were killed and 1500 injured. Most of the village of Oppau was wrecked and its inhabitants rendered homeless, and much havoc was caused in Mannheim and Ludwigshafen. Elsewhere we show President Ebert thanking a French General for the rescue-work done by French troops.

## "WICKET-KEEPERS" AT THE LORD MAYOR'S ELECTION: GUILD BEADELS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.U



CHECKING THE BEADELS: WICKET-GATES FOR VOTERS AT THE GUILDHALL INSCRIBED WITH THE NAMES OF CITY COMPANIES, EACH GUARDED BY ITS BEADEL, TO KEEP OUT UNAUTHORISED PERSONS.

At the election of Sir John Baddeley as the new Lord Mayor of London, in the Guildhall on September 29, the traditional old-time ceremonies were duly observed. Our photograph illustrates (it is believed for the first time) an interesting preliminary procedure. To ensure that only members of the various Guilds, or City Companies, shall enter the Guildhall to vote, 23 wicket-gates are built outside, inscribed above with the names of the Guilds, from Apothecaries to Woolmen. Each gate is guarded by the Beadle of the particular Guild, very imposing in his gold-laced gown, who identifies the members as they go in, and

keeps out unauthorised persons. The illustration shows the Clerk of the Livery, Mr. F. J. Pullan, who has held his post for twenty years, inspecting the Beadles to see that each is in his place. The parts of the inscriptions legible in the photograph (beginning from the right) are: Joiners, Haberdashers and Horners, Sheriffs and City Officers, Goldsmiths, and Glaziers. The Liverymen choose two of the Aldermen eligible, and from these two the final election is made by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen privately in the Aldermen's Room. When Sir John Baddeley's name came up, the Liverymen shouted "All! All!"

## LONDON'S RETURN TO NOCTURNAL GAIETY: SUPPER LICENSED AS IN PRE-WAR DAYS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.L.



## AFTER THE EXTENSION OF HOURS: SUPPER-AFTER-THE-THEATRE POSSIBLE ONCE MORE—A BRIGHT SCENE AT THE TROCADERO.

Since the recent extension of the licensing hours to enable drinks to be obtained at supper parties by theatre-goers and others, London has recovered to a large extent its pre-war nocturnal gaiety. The famous supper-dances at the Trocadero, for example, have now been resumed. An added attraction there was the presence of the great Parisian costumier, M. Paul Poiret, who came over for a week in order to "study, criticise, and suggest" in matters of dress. In our

drawing he is the bearded figure, facing the spectator, standing by a table in the left centre, talking to a lady seated. Every evening during his visit, M. Poiret quietly noted the costumes of guests, and privately told the manager which of them he considered to be the best-dressed woman in the room. On leaving she was surreptitiously handed an envelope containing, as a prize, a voucher for 25 guineas' worth of purchases at Messrs. Elkington's.—[Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.]

## A PARIS FIRE; GREAT SINGERS; THE DUKE OF YORK; "SPECIALS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., L.N.A., AND CENTRAL PRESS.



MOUNTED ON HIGH TELESCOPIC LADDERS STANDING UNSUPPORTED : PARIS FIREMEN PLAYING THE HOSE ON THE BURNING MAGASINS AU PRINTEMPS.



UNLIKE THE GREAT LONDON STORES, BUILT ROUND A CENTRAL "WELL": THE INTERIOR OF THE MAGASINS AU PRINTEMPS WRECKED BY THE FIRE.



A GREAT ITALIAN SINGER IN LONDON: MME. TETRAZZINI LEAVING FOR BIRMINGHAM.



THANKING A FRENCH GENERAL FOR FRENCH RESCUE WORK: PRESIDENT EBERT, AT OPPAU.



A GREAT RUSSIAN SINGER IN LONDON: M. CHALIAPIN INTERESTED IN JEWELLERY.



THE DUKE OF YORK (THIRD FROM LEFT) WITH THE EARL OF STRATHMORE'S SHOOTING PARTY: A GROUP AT GLAMIS CASTLE, FORFARSHIRE



THE DUKE OF YORK'S REVIEW OF SPECIAL CONSTABLES IN HYDE PARK: H.R.H. PRESENTING MEDALS TO RELATIVES OF "SPECIALS" WHO DIED.

The great fire at the Grands Magasins au Printemps, Paris, is also illustrated on another page.—Mme. Tetrazzini, who has been singing at the Albert Hall, recently went to Birmingham to open her provincial season there.—The German President, Herr Ebert, attended the funeral of victims of the great explosion at Oppau.—M. Féodor Chaliapin, the great Russian bass, recently arrived in England to sing at concerts in aid of the Russian Famine Relief Fund.—In the Glamis Castle group are (l. to r.): Back row—the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Duke of York, the Earl of Strathmore, Captain the Hon.

W. Leveson-Gower, and the Hon. James Stuart. Front row—Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, Lady Margaret Scott, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, Lady Katharine Hainilton, and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower.—On Sunday, October 2, the Duke of York was present at a parade of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Reserve in Hyde Park, and presented long-service medals. Some were given to the next-of-kin of "Specials" who had died in the service. The recipient seen in our photograph was Thomas Brandon, the little son of the late Sergeant Thomas Brandon. There were about 5500 officers and men on parade.

## BURNT AS SOON AS BUILT: A PALACE OF FASHION ON FIRE IN PARIS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW GRANDS MAGASINS AU PRINTEMPS IN PARIS, CAUSING A LOSS OF £1,200,000: FIREMEN WORKING THE HOSE FROM A HIGH LADDER IN THE RUE CAUMARTIN, AND FROM WINDOWS OPPOSITE.

Only a few days after its completion, the palatial new building of the Grands Magasins au Printemps, in the Boulevard Haussmann, one of the great stores in the heart of Paris, was totally destroyed by fire. The cause was believed to have been a short circuit in the fifth or sixth storey. All the brigades in Paris were summoned, and by 10 o'clock 25 were at work. The whole place was gutted, and it took 18 hours to overcome the fire. Four firemen were injured, and it was found that one employee lost his life. Fortunately, the

disaster occurred before the staff of 2500 arrived and the public were admitted. The new building cost about £640,000, and the stock was valued at nearly £1,400,000. It was insured for only £740,000. The company's loss is estimated at over £1,200,000. The older building, from whose windows firemen are seen playing the hose, stands on the opposite side of the Rue Caumartin. Some members of the London Metropolitan Fire Brigades, under Chief Officer Dyer, visited the scene the next day.

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE MAD BARON: A MEDIÆVAL

## CHAPTER IN THE MODERN HISTORY OF MONGOLIA.



WHERE AMERICAN TRADERS WERE IMPRISONED: MOTOR-CARS OF AN AMERICAN RESCUE PARTY AT A GASOLINE STATION IN MONGOLIA.



TWICE CAPTURED THIS YEAR BY OPPOSING FORCES, MONGOLIAN



WITH CONSEQUENT MASSACRES: URGA, THE PICTURESQUE CAPITAL



SHOWING SOME TYPICAL NATIVE YURTS (FELT TENTS) IN THE BACKGROUND: A SCENE IN THE MONGOL MARKET AT URGA.



WHERE RUSSIANS WERE IMPRISONED BY THE CHINESE IN UNHEATED CELLS LAST WINTER IN BELOW-ZERO WEATHER: AN URGA GAOL.

WRITING from Peking a few weeks ago, with reference to his photographs here reproduced, Mr. Adam Warwick says: "Urga, the picturesque capital of Mongolia, is indeed a martyred city. Her troubles began when the Chinese Government cancelled the autonomy of Mongolia in November 1919. Last spring a mysterious attacking force gradually surrounded the city and, after fierce fighting, captured it. The invaders proved to be a heterogeneous group of Mongols fighting for their independence and ably assisted by Buriats and Cossacks under the command of the 'mad Baron Ungern.' Partly out of revenge for Bolshevik atrocities on his own family in Russia, and partly to teach a lesson to the notorious Chinese General Chü for his scandalous treatment of peaceful Russians in Urga itself, the 'mad Baron' fulfilled his threats of terrible slaughter, and the streets of the city were piled high with the corpses of Chinese and Bolsheviks. The Bolsheviks were the last to be taken, who were confined in the town, until a rescue party from Peking made its way across the Gobi desert by motor-car and liberated them, testifying to the frightful atrocities committed—men and women hanged in the doors of their houses or shot down in the streets, etc. In spite of his massacres, however, Ungern brought a semblance of order into the city, ridding it, though with dreadful barbarity, of many bad elements. His slogan, 'Mongolia for the Mongols,' brought peace, prosperity, and cleanliness to the descendants of Genghis Khan. What

*[Continued opposite.]*

ever his faults, and they were neither few nor small, he appears to have asked little for himself. His, according to eye-witnesses, is the type of the medieval soldier of fortune fighting for fighting's sake—a picturesque and not unsympathetic figure, marred, unfortunately, by an insane streak of cruelty.

"But his reign was short-lived, and once again the unfortunate city was captured by a foreign force, this time by the Bolsheviks. A new era of terror ensued, far worse than that of Ungern. Indeed, words fail to picture the atrocities committed to please the Red commandants. The unfortunate Russian traders who had been unable to leave the city were shot down without trial. Such Chinese civilians as could manage to get away fled, and the Chinese troops quickly followed suit. The dream of reconquering Mongolia which the Chinese Government has long cherished is thus rudely shattered. The Bolsheviks, unlike Ungern, do not intend even to conquer Mongolia for the Mongols. They want the country for themselves, to be used as a centre for propaganda whence they can spread their poison throughout the Far East. Or, at least, they intend to use martyred Urga as a pawn in their game. If China wants to pay handsomely she must pay a heavy price in recognition of, or, at least, in commercial relations with, some kind of Siberian Government which is in reality a disguised Soviet."



WITH 10 FT. BY 15 FT. SINGLE-WINDOW CELLS, IN EACH OF WHICH THE CHINESE CONFINED OVER TWENTY PEOPLE: AN URGA PRISON.



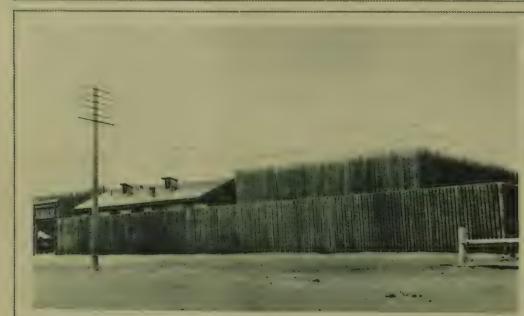
WHERE CORPSES OF RUSSIANS SHOT BY BOLSHEVISTS WERE LEFT TO BE DEVOURED BY DOGS: THE STEPPE NEAR URGA, ONE OF THE DOGS.



LEFT TO BE DEVOURED BY DOGS: THE STEPPE NEAR URGA, ONE OF THE DOGS.



A CENTRE OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR IN SUFFERING MONGOLIA: THE COMPOUND OF AN AMERICAN MISSION ON THE PLAIN BETWEEN URGA AND KALGAN



PROTECTED BY A HEAVY DOUBLE STOCKADE OF LOGS: THE LARGEST PRISON IN URGA, THE MONGOL CAPITAL ONCE UNDER CHINESE RULE.

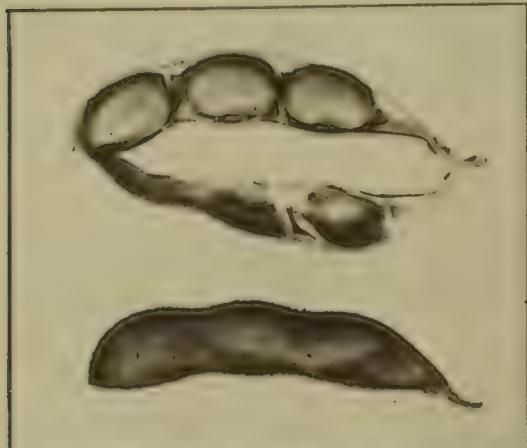
As Mr. Adam Warwick relates in his article above, Mongolia (especially its capital, Urga) has been torn by three conflicting forces during the last few years. A few supplementary notes from various newspaper accounts may be of interest. It may be recalled that in November 1919, the Chinese occupied Urga on behalf of the Mongols last February by a mixed force of Mongols, "White" Russians, and a few Japanese, under Baron Ungern, who was a former adherent of General Semenov, the Ataman of the Transbaikalian Cossacks. While in control of Urga, the Chinese military authorities were said to have treated the Russians and Mongols there with great cruelty. Baron Ungern was hailed by the Mongols as a heaven-sent deliverer, and he established a Government under

the Hutuktu (or Living Buddha), who, according to report, was crowned King of Mongolia on February 25. A few months later, however, Baron Ungern's forces were defeated at Kliakhta by a Bolshevik army from Irkutsk, operating under orders from Moscow. The Reds captured Urga and set up a Bolshevik Government there, with an ex-teacher as Premier, and a local butcher as Minister of War. Baron Ungern, it is said, was taken to Moscow for trial and punishment, and was exhibited as a "monster" at the Siberian railway stations on the way. The Bolsheviks at Urga confiscated the flocks and herds of native Mongol chiefs, and with the proceeds imported large quantities of rifles, machine-guns, and ammunition. Mongolia, which Moscow now regards as a Russian province, seems lost to China; but the Reds are expected to have trouble with the nomad Mongol chiefs whom they have robbed.

## TO SOLVE THE COST-OF-LIVING PROBLEM? A MAGIC BEAN.

By J. L. NORTH, Curator of the Royal Botanic Society of London.

THE leading article and letter in the *Times* of Sept. 28 from its Vienna correspondent about Manna flour, Manna bread, and milk substances made from the Soya bean, are likely to do



THE SOYA BEAN: A TYPICAL POD FROM A PLANT GROWN BY MR. J. L. NORTH AT CHISWICK IN 1921.

good if they help us to realise how much we are losing by our neglect of this, the most valuable—for the uses to which it can be put—of all the legumes.

In the letter giving the details of the researches of Dr. László-Berczeller of Vienna, there is no reference to the fact that all these "Manna" or Soya bean products were first made in England before the war. Samples of the flour and biscuits are to be seen in the cases of the London Institute of Hygiene, and Manna milk has been for years—and, no doubt, still is—sold here under the name of "Solac" at a price considerably lower than that charged for milk by dairymen. The appearance and rapid rise into importance of the Soya bean is one of the most remarkable commercial events of modern times.

In China, the Soya bean has been in cultivation for 5000 years; and when the ports of China were first opened to foreign commerce the trade in beans and bean products was found to have been a long-established and flourishing institution. In 1790 the bean was brought to Europe, when its cultivation was first attempted by Young, the father of British Agriculture, though without success. In 1878 an Austrian professor, Haberlandt, tried it, but failed. When the bean came here in 1908 there was an immediate rush to grow it both in Europe and America. Experiments were started by our Board of Agriculture, the Royal Agricultural Society, and many semi-public bodies. The early experiments failed completely, for the reason that they were made with seed whose climatic origin was unknown, as well as the orthodox Chinese methods of growing it. Later, this was remedied; seed from known localities was used, and a greater measure of success

capable of withstanding our climate, which they thought might yet be found, it was useless to attempt further experiments.

In the United States experiments were begun about the same time as those in this country. By 1910 seven varieties were in cultivation, and it was being grown commercially in the warmer South. Later, its growth was extended to the middle States, and the area north is gradually being extended as new cold-resistant varieties become available. In 1918 they had five hundred different varieties growing experimentally at Arlington, Virginia, including twenty acres under new varieties obtained by hybridisation. The Soya bean has now become a regular part of crop practice, and is regarded as a valuable food for stock and as a forage plant, in addition to its uses as an oil plant and for human consumption.

My interest in the Soya bean began in 1913 with a visit from an agent of a German cultivator at the office of the Royal Botanic Society at Regent's Park. He was, he said, trying to form a syndicate to grow what he called an acclimatised Soya bean, brought from China in 1910, and already in cultivation in Germany. He refused seeds for testing, but sent from Hamburg a plant which had been carefully cleared of the seed, though the *empty* pods, nearly sixty in number, were left. The syndicate never materialised, and I thought no more of the matter, until later on, whilst examining the dried plant, I noticed a tiny pod, scarcely half an inch long, which contained a seed no bigger than a pin's head. Going over the plant, I found other pods

ages has adapted itself to these conditions and to the fixed methods of cultivation practised. To re-adapt itself to fresh conditions is a work of time, but natural selection helps—the plants that mature earliest produce most seed; those which mature late die out. It is noticeable that the plants experimented with in England fruit earlier now than they did at first, and this is a very hopeful sign. Another satisfactory fact is



SOYA BEAN CHEESE FOR HUMAN FOOD: BLOCKS OF TOFU (BEAN CURD) READY TO BE CUT UP INTO SQUARES FOR SALE TO THE PUBLIC.

Tofu, or Soya bean curd, is made by adding magnesium or calcium salts (about a 1 per cent. solution) to hot Soya bean milk; the product is drained and pressed.

Photograph by F. N. Meyer, U.S. Department of Agriculture.

that there is no lessening in the number of pods produced, but rather a gain. This year there are plants with three times the number of pods shown in a photograph of the best German-grown specimen of 1912.

The food uses to which the Soya bean is put in China and Japan would need many pages to describe. It enters into the composition of most dishes, and in one form or another, as Soy sauce, bean paste, bean cheese, bean curd, bean milk, bean wafers, bean cakes and confectionery, is used everywhere. For a hundred years Soy sauce has been imported—the principal ingredient in the well-known Worcester sauce. The U.S.A. Department of Agriculture has recently published a bulletin detailing the various culinary uses to which it may be put; and the *Ladies' Home Journal* has given recipes for Soya bean fritters, Soya bean croquettes, Soya bean loaf, and "Soya beans with ham shank."

Apart from its value as food, it is used in the manufacture of glycerine, explosives, enamels, varnish, waterproofs, linoleum, paints, soaps, celluloid, printing inks, and as a lubricant. To the farmer it is valuable as a stock food and forage.

It grows well in arid situations and, conversely, in soils too moist for other crops. It is not affected by drought, and for this reason might be valuable in our dry Eastern Counties. It needs little attention, and costs little to grow. By means of the nodules on its roots it enriches the soil, and, maturing in a hundred to a hundred and thirty days, can be used after another crop has failed.



A STAPLE FOOD IN THE EAST: VARIETIES OF SOYA BEAN CHEESE ON A BAMBOO TRAY.

Tofu, or Soya bean curd, forms the basis of many fermented, smoked, and dried cheeses in China and Japan.

Photograph by F. N. Meyer, U.S. Department of Agriculture.

which evidently had been thought too insignificant to be of use, and from these I obtained thirteen seeds. These were sown in 1914 and resulted in thirteen plants, which produced four hundred and forty seeds. From thirty-three plants in 1915 one thousand seeds resulted, and in 1916 no less than twelve thousand. Many experiments as to the value of different methods of growing them were made in several countries, and with no less than twenty-one different foreign varieties. One thing came clear throughout the tests, and that was that the original variety started with was by far the best. It says a good deal for German astuteness that they should have gone to Manchuria and, from hundreds of varieties, chosen the one best for them and for us. Our own haphazard methods were in great measure responsible for our failure. The plan adopted by the United States Department of Agriculture, that of asking officials, travellers, traders and missionaries to send back all the varieties they could find, was certainly the best for them, with their widespread territories and varieties of climate.

That the Manchurian Soya bean is going to succeed in England would be unwise to state at present. We have no settled climate, and in no season can sunshine or rainfall be depended upon. In its own country there is little variation, summer by summer, and the Soya bean plant through long



SOYA BEAN CHEESE IN PREPARATION: A PILE OF WOODEN TRAYS FULL OF BEAN CURD, IN A DARK ROOM OF EVEN TEMPERATURE.

Photograph by F. N. Meyer, U.S. Department of Agriculture.

attained, but not enough to warrant further trial. The Royal Agricultural Society gave it up in 1914, reporting that it was evident the plant was quite unsuitable for growth in this country, as it required a warmth that would grow maize successfully. Our Board of Agriculture followed its lead, concluding that, in the absence of a new variety



USED BY THE CHINESE AS A GREEN VEGETABLE: A BASKETFUL OF SPROUTED SOYA BEANS.

Dried Soya beans are sprouted easily in a short time under proper conditions of heat and moisture. Several kinds are thus used as a green vegetable by the Chinese.

Photograph by F. N. Meyer, U.S. Department of Agriculture.

## EASTERN "MANNA" FOR THE WEST: A HINT TO HUNGRY EUROPE.

*Commercial Uses of the Soya Bean—*

FLOUR.  
BREAD.  
MILK.  
BEAN CAKES.  
BEAN CHEESE.  
SALAD DRESSING.  
CATTLE FOOD.  
LUBRICATION.  
ILLUMINATION.  
GLYCERINE.  
PAINTS.  
VARNISH.  
CELLULOID.  
PRINTING INKS.  
SOAP.  
INDIA-RUBBER SUBSTITUTE.  
COFFEE SUBSTITUTE.  
BUTTER SUBSTITUTE.  
WATERPROOFS.  
EXPLOSIVES.  
LINOLEUM.

*The Average Composition of the Soya Bean is—*

OIL	-	-	18 per cent.
WATER	-	-	10 "
ALBUMINOIDS	-	40	"
CARBOHYDRATES	22	"	"
CRUDE FIBRE	5	"	"
ASH	-	-	5 "

The bean was first cultivated in China  
5000 years ago.

*The Bean grows in—*

MANCHURIA.  
JAPAN.  
INDIA.  
W. COAST OF AFRICA.  
BRITISH GUIANA.  
S. AFRICA.  
AUSTRALIA.  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.  
GREAT BRITAIN.  
GERMANY.

"THE WEST SHOULD LEARN THE LESSON OF CHEAPER LIVING TAUGHT BY THE EAST": THE SOYA BEAN, FROM WHICH "MANNA" BREAD, FLOUR, AND MILK ARE MADE—A PLANT GROWN AT CHISWICK.

Products of the Soya bean form staple articles of diet in China and Japan, and are being developed also in the United States. Our illustration shows a typical plant grown at Chiswick by Mr. J. L. North, Curator of the Royal Botanic Society of London, who discusses the subject in his interesting article opposite. Dr. Laszlo Berczeller, of Vienna, to whose researches he refers, said: "The soya contains 40 per cent. albumen and 20 per cent. fat, and can be obtained very cheaply. . . . We have been successful in creating three foods: bread, flour, and milk. . . . It is indisputable that the food of

the white race is very costly, especially when one compares it with the food to which the yellow race is accustomed. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest political importance that the West should learn the lesson of cheaper living as taught it by the East in the adaptation of the Soya bean as an article of food. Given the existing situation on the Continent, this is the only real solution of the problem of reconstruction." A pamphlet entitled "The Soy-Bean Industry in the United States," by W. J. Morse, was published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Several of the photographs opposite are taken from it.

## THE BURGENLAND; AN "APRON" THEATRE; A SHIP'S AEROPLANE.

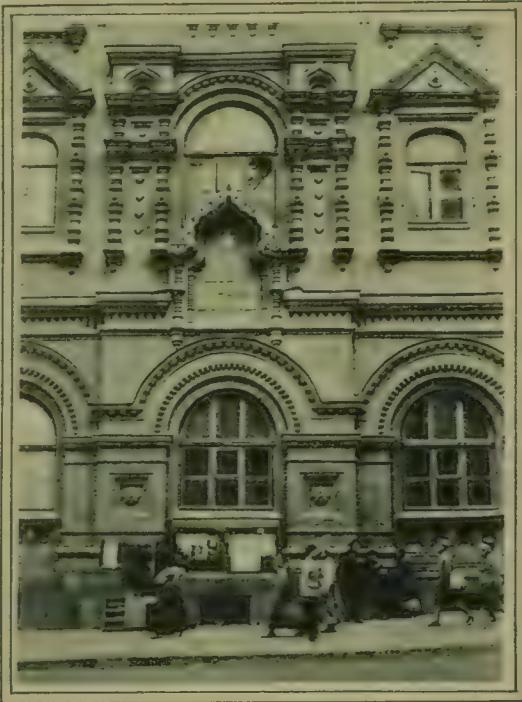
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N. AND SPECIAL PRESS.



WHERE THE AUSTRIAN HEADQUARTERS ON THE BURGENLAND FRONTIER ARE SITUATED: MATTERSDORF.



DEFENDING THE BURGENLAND (WEST HUNGARY) AGAINST HUNGARIAN INSURGENTS: AUSTRIAN TROOPS.



"RELIGION IS THE OPIUM OF THE PEOPLE": LENIN'S FAMOUS LEGEND ON A MOSCOW CHURCH.



THE FIRST PLAYHOUSE BUILT ON ELIZABETHAN LINES IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE CROMWELL: THE MADDERMARKET THEATRE AT NORWICH



ON THE "APRON" STAGE, WITH MUSIC GALLERY BEHIND, IN THE MADDERMARKET THEATRE: THE OPENING PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT."



WITH HYDROVANE ON FRONT STRUTS, AND FLOATS NOT INFLATED: THE PARNALL "PANTHER."



WITH BODY, INSTEAD OF WINGS, FOLDING: THE PARNALL "PANTHER," A SHIP'S AEROPLANE OF PECULIAR TYPE.



WITH FLOATS INFLATED AND HYDROVANE IN POSITION: THE PARNALL "PANTHER"—ANOTHER VIEW.

The dispute between Austria and Hungary for the possession of the Burgenland (West Hungary), assigned to Austria by the Treaty of St. Germain, but since over-run by Hungarian insurgents, entered on a new phase lately with a proclamation of its independence by the Hungarian Legitimist leader, Herr Friedrich. The Austrian Government has appealed to the world, alleging that the Burgenland is being devastated, and that Austria can ill afford the great expense of defending it.—The Maddermarket Theatre at Norwich was opened on September 26 with a performance of "As You Like It," by Mr. Nugent

Monck's amateur company of Norwich Players. It was adapted from an eighteenth-century building as an Elizabethan playhouse from designs by Capt. Noel Paul, based on specifications for the rebuilding of the old Fortune Theatre.—The Parnall "Panther" aeroplane for use on ships was produced just before the Armistice, since when numerous experiments have been made. Similar machines are being purchased by Japan. The "hydrovane" fixed to the under-carriage is meant to keep up the nose of the aeroplane in the event of a forced "landing" on the sea. The body itself folds, so the wings are not weakened.

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and will certainly give you pleasure.*



PUBLISHED WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12.

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**The "Sketch" Autumn Number** deals principally with the Autumn Fashions, but it is left for your favourites on the Stage to show you what you should wear to be perfectly dressed. It is not claimed that the Autumn Number is better than the ordinary issue. That it is just as good is good enough for all who are familiar with the lightest and brightest of the weekly Illustrateds that deal with Society, Sport, and the Theatre.

Price One Shilling Weekly. Annual Subscription (including Christmas Number), £2 18s. 9d.

## STICKING PINS INTO A SAINT'S NOSE: A HUSBAND-SEEKING CUSTOM.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.



"IF THE SAINT SHAKES HIMSELF FREE FROM THE PINS DURING THE NIGHT . . . HE HAS HEARD THE PRAYERS":  
BRETON GIRLS PETITIONING ST. KIREC FOR HUSBANDS AT A ROCK-SHRINE IN THE SEA AT PLOUMANACH.

"Near Lannion (in Brittany)," writes M. de Haenen, "is the village of Ploumanach, or 'the clan of the monks,' consisting of a cluster of cottages of fishermen among the pudding-shaped rocks. On a patch of level ground clear of blocks is the chapel of St. Kirec, the Welsh Curig, the only British saint not of royal birth. In the Celtic Church sainthood was an honour that was always reserved for those of the bluest blood. There is not much recorded about Kirec, save that he was as rigid a Sabbatarian as any disciple of John Knox. The most singular object at Ploumanach is the oratory of the saint

on a rock in the little bay, that is surrounded by the waves at every tide. It is a pent-house structure with its back towards the land and open on three sides, sustained by rude eleventh or twelfth century pillars. It contains a wooden image of the saint, which is worm-holed, and has lost the hands. Unmarried girls resort to the statue and stick pins into his nose. If the saint shakes himself free from the pins during the night, that is a token that he has heard the prayers offered, and will obtain husbands for the girls who pricked him."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## Bolsheviks spare Englishwoman's life in exchange for a Ciro Pearl Necklet.

The following letter is eloquent proof of the wonderful resemblance of

### Ciro Pearls

to the real gems.

*I think you will be interested in the following adventure a string of your pearls underwent. A few months ago I escaped from Russia, but when near the border of Finland I was stopped by a party of murderous Bolsheviks. They demanded money, but I was penniless. Hidden in my hair, however, was a string of Ciro Pearls with a diamond clasp. I had kept it hidden because it was given to me by a dear friend, who became a victim of the Bolsheviks. I offered the necklace, but even then I was hauled before a Commissar, and he enquired were the pearls of value. I replied, 'Of great value.' They examined them with greedy eyes, and one yelled, 'They have a beautiful lustre!' I was saved, and but for that string of Ciro Pearls I would have been shot. My gratitude to your pearls you can guess."*

The letter here reproduced is one of a series, we are about to publish, of striking testimonials to the realism of Ciro Pearls.

On receipt of same, we offered to present the writer with a necklace to replace the one she had forfeited. We learnt from her, however, that she had already secured another, which she looked upon as her talisman. She added that we were at liberty to use her letter and she would be delighted if its publication increased our sales. In conclusion, she stated: 'My interrogators had been stealing jewels for a considerable time, and I think that their being deceived is ample proof of the beauty of Ciro Pearls.'

For one guinea you also may have a facsimile of a valuable real necklace.

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a necklace of Ciro Pearls, 10 ins. long, or a Ring, Brooch, Earrings, or any other Jewel mounted with Ciro Pearls (complete with case). If after comparing them with real, or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former, or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.

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SMART PLAIN HAT (M 1 1928) in felt, with binding and under-brim of duvetin in a contrasting colour. Dyed pheasant quills of various shades round crown. In white, grey, mastic, nigger, black, elephant and navy. 63/-

DISTINCTIVE TOQUE HAT (M 1 1929) in best quality Velvet. Brim rolls out with charming effect. Studded with Gold or Silver round the edge, and finished small quill to match. Colours: black, royal, chocolate, nigger, mid-brown, navy and mole. 99/6

EASY-TO-WEAR HAT (M 1 1933) in rich quality duvetin, crown is hand-embroidered with silk in Oriental colourings. Offered in brown, rose, amethyst, mole, emerald, beige, tan, daffodil and grey. 94/6

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whilst efficient under the worst conditions of rain or chilling wind, yet ventilate naturally the same as untreated woven fabrics, because the interstices remain open; consequently there is never any overheating — even on mild days.

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## LADIES' NEWS.

THE KING, the Queen, and Princess Mary are still holiday-making on Deeside as I write. Their quiet and restful time there will soon be at an end. Their Majesties are due at Manchester, *en route* for London; and soon thereafter they will be called upon to take a long farewell of the Prince of Wales. This is always very trying to the Queen, whose devotion to her eldest son, and his to her, are so well known. Her Majesty is highly strung too, and the Indian news of late has not been pleasant reading. Our Queen, however, always places duty first, and always does duty as cheerfully and selflessly as possible. Before leaving Deeside her Majesty and Princess Mary had a picnic in the Forest o' Birse in Kincardineshire, going thence by motor-car from Balmoral. The Archbishop of York was of the party. There were some mountain-ash trees covered with scarlet berries that aroused the Queen's great admiration. The royal party had an alfresco tea by the waterfall of the Burn of Cattie. Simple pleasures of this kind are wonderful rest and refreshment to the Queen and her daughter, both great lovers of the beauties of nature. The King has been grouse-shooting, partridge-shooting, and deer-stalking.

The Prince of Wales did not leave the North without visiting Caithness-shire and seeing some fine sport in the neighbourhood of Langwell, which is some twenty-five miles farther up the coast than Dunrobin. The latter is said to be the oldest continuously inhabited residence in Scotland. Certainly the old part, quite untouched by the several fires at the Castle, dates from very far back; some antiquaries say from the eleventh century, some from the thirteenth. The cement in the walls proves as hard and impenetrable as the Roman variety. Langwell is modern, straggling, up-to-date, and comfortable; the situation is lovely, and it is amid wilder scenery and a more sparse population than Dunrobin. The Duke of Sutherland went with the Prince of Wales. The Duchess of Portland, the Marquess of Titchfield, and Lady Victoria Wemyss are at Langwell; probably also by now Lady Titchfield, who went to Capri to see her mother, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has a villa there. Lord Algernon, who was very ill just before Goodwood, is now much better. The Duchess of Sutherland, Viscountess Ednam, and Viscountess Maidstone have been playing golf on the sporting, if rough, but always beautiful course at Brora.

There should be no question about our clothes costing us less this autumn. Sensible women, who know the ropes and value good dressing without



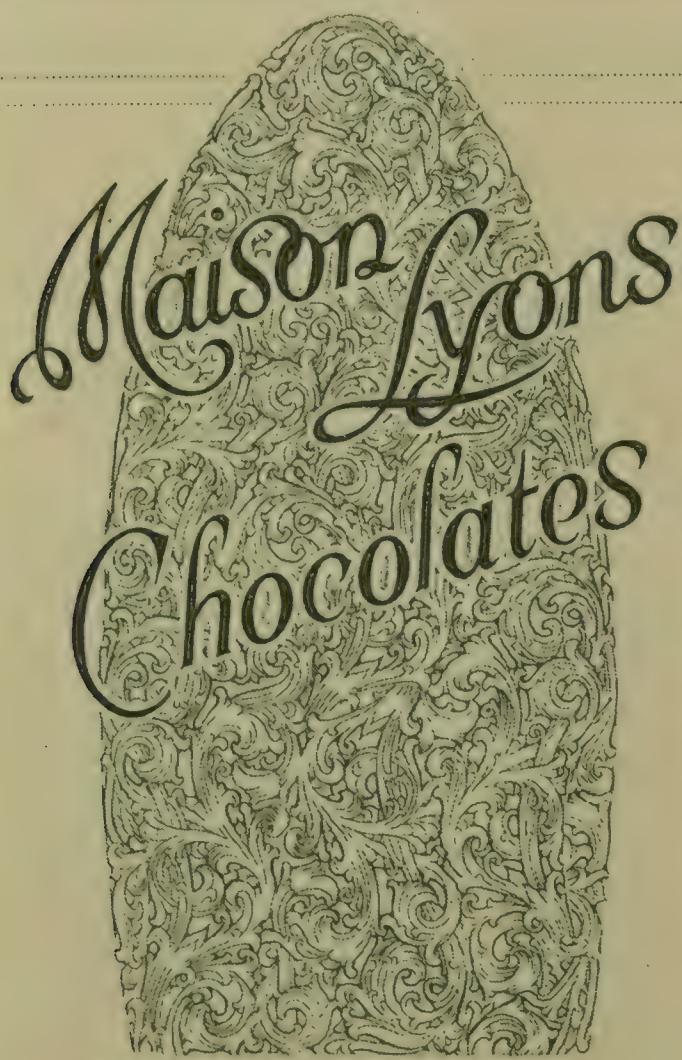
A CHARMING DANCE DRESS.

This is an example of a dance frock to be obtained from Shoolbred's in various colours, and at a most moderate charge.

extravagant outlay, are talking about the advantages offered by Shoolbred's costume department, Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. There are charming, up-to-date, and really good gowns at quite reasonable prices. A simple but very elegant evening frock, called for convenience in ordering "Coxall," is in chiffon velvet with a cross-over bodice and plain skirt. The price is 5½ guineas, and it is obtainable in an excellent range of colours and in black. Again for evening wear, this time for dancing, which will be greatly in vogue this winter, there is the "Clever," in chiffon taffeta, having a long-waisted Magyar bodice, scalloped hemmed skirt trimmed to above the knees with nine small frills. The price is the same as the velvet gown, and the colours obtainable are ivory, sky-blue, lemon, navy-blue, black, etc. These are examples of the special value offered by this well-known and favourite house. The choice is, of course, very large, the taste in every gown and garment of the best, and the styles the very latest.

I feel quite pleased to see that the statements made about the preparations of H.M.S. *Renown* for the Prince of Wales's trip to India were unauthorised and incorrect. The craze for sensationalism caused gross exaggeration of the necessary changes of the ship for a tropical climate. The Prince of Wales is not a luxury-loving man, and had no desire for palatial quarters on his voyage. That so much should have been made of necessary changes is unfortunate when mischief-makers are busily exploiting the sufferings of the unemployed to the further undoing of such of those very greatly to-be-pitied people, whose extremity is the professional agitators' opportunity. It is good news that a great effort is to be made to provide paid-for employment—the only kind that can prove really efficacious in relieving the situation and keeping our people self-respecting citizens.

There is no end to the unveiling of war memorials all over the United Kingdom. There is no one who begrudges to our dead heroes every honour that we can pay to their glorious memory. As I see these memorials wherever I go, I wonder if a better memorial than any in stone, bronze or iron would not have been in finding productive work for the unemployed, so many of them our dead heroes' comrades in war. The present memorials have afforded some, but not anything like enough in proportion to cost of material. Twenty years from now these war memorials will be more or less neglected; in forty years many will probably be in a bad state. Athletic grounds for young village men, playing-fields for children, fresh parks for congested districts, and such things would have provided more work for a greater number of people, and have been fine memorials. A. E. L.



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MAKE an irresistible appeal to the lover of a fine sweetmeat. Try just a half-pound box, and compare the smooth coverings and delicately flavoured centres (hard or soft—in a hundred varieties to suit your taste), and you will understand the reason why they achieved instantaneous popularity. With those who know, Maison Lyons Chocolates are first choice. Sold in the Salons at the Maison Lyons, Corner Houses, and Lyons' Teashops.

A NOTE.—When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Club or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert, which results in a ménage that is a surprise even to the most discerning.



Diamonds. £8 0 0

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Brown and White Diamond Cluster Ring. £40 0 0

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There is every indication that moleskin will be extremely fashionable during the Winter Season. We anticipated this fashion some time ago, and made exceptionally large purchases of the finest quality Scotch moleskins at nearly one-third below the prices ruling to-day. These moleskins have been carefully graded by our Fur expert, and worked into a number of smart and original shapes by our own skilled furriers, of which the model Coat illustrated is an example.

MODEL FUR COAT, as sketch, our own exclusive design, and worked from high grade British moleskins, lined rich silk Crêpe-de-Chine.

PRICE 89 GNS.

This model can also be copied in golden nutria, sable squirrel, kolinski, and other soft furs.

In beaver dyed coney, 39 Gns.

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In natural golden nutria, 125 Gns.

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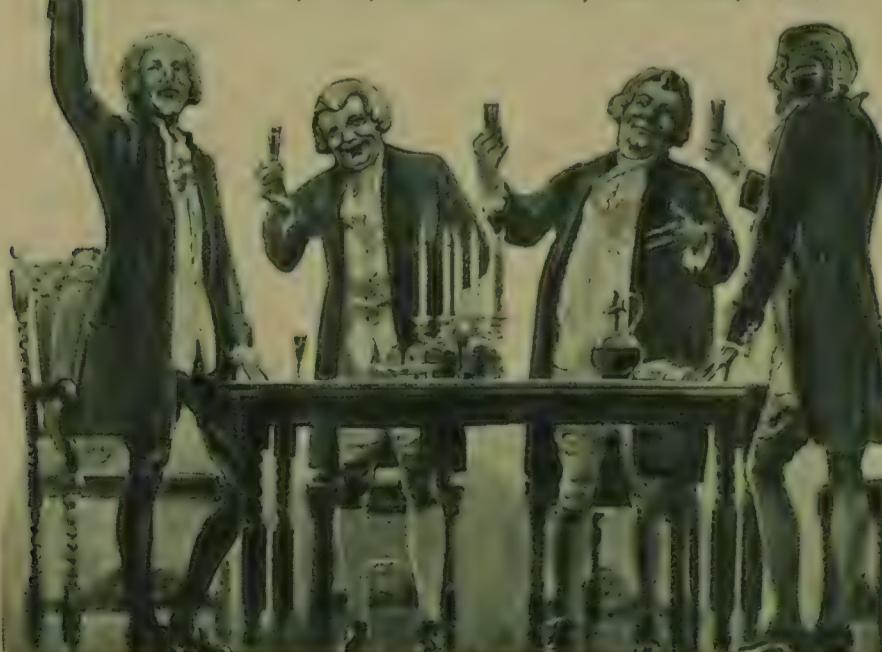
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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CONCERNING THE CUCKOO.

In a scientific journal whose pages rarely contain items of interest to ornithologists, I noticed recently a letter concerning a cuckoo whose plumage mystified the writer on account of its conspicuous redness. As the letter was published without comment, one must assume that the editor also believed that the occurrence of a "red" cuckoo was an event worthy of special mention. As a matter of fact, this coloration in the cuckoo is well known, though, so far, no one has yet been able to offer any suggestion as to why such a variation from the normal grey colour should occur, or why this "hepatic phase" should obtain only in females. At one time it was believed that this rufous plumage was a sign of immaturity; but it has now been established that the rich chestnut and black-barred livery, once assumed, is never discarded. That is to say, it is repeated with each succeeding moult throughout life.

In this connection it is worth noting that the juvenile plumage in both sexes, in so far as the upper parts are concerned, presents two distinct but rather variable types. In one the dominant hue is of a grey-brown or dark brownish slate, not distinctly barred; while the other is conspicuously barred with dark rufous. Here, then, in this rufous-barred dress, would seem to be the "germ" of the "hepatic" dress, but why it should be developed in the female only none can say. The rufous type of immature plumage is further peculiar in that it appears always to be associated with a large white spot in the nape, and a more or less complete bar of white across the forehead. In the grey type white feathers on the forehead are not uncommon, but there are no white nape-feathers.

Of our native birds none, perhaps, has been so much discussed as the cuckoo. A generation or so ago it was solemnly averred that it passed the winter with us in the guise of a sparrow-hawk, resuming its identity with the return of spring! It certainly does bear a passable likeness to the sparrow-hawk, and I have known a gamekeeper to mistake the one for the other! As to the way it passes the winter months

we are wiser now. But we are still mystified by the fact that the adults leave us during July—though a straggler, here and there, may be occasionally seen in August—while the young birds stay with us at least another month. I saw one on Sept. 20 at Chillesford, Suffolk. It will probably have to start on its eventful journey to Africa alone, though it may pick up companions on the way. Since the immature birds con-

further stimulated by the capriciousness which this adorable parasite displays in the selection of foster-parents for its offspring. The meadow-pipit and the pied-wagtail are favourite dupes, the red-warbler is another. Very rarely, in this country, the red-backed shrike is chosen; but on the Continent—at any rate, in Germany—this bird seems to be very commonly selected. Whatever species is chosen for the doubtful honour of serving as foster-parent, no other will receive a like favour so long as any nest of that species can be found within the territory of that particular cuckoo. But, if needs must, she will deposit her eggs in any nest that can be found—even the waterhen has been chosen! Whether from a shortage of nests or not we cannot say, but sometimes as many as three cuckoo's eggs have been found in the same nest. In this case it is not necessary to suppose that all the young will perish. If they do not all emerge at once, the first hatched will probably oust the others as they appear, just as they eject the rightful owners of the nursery. The coldly methodical manner in which the newly hatched, blind, and naked youngsters will raise and pitch over the edge of the nest the offspring of the foster-parents has often been told, but we are still quite unable to account for the origin of such a remarkable performance. Failure in its accomplishment means death by starvation for all the occupants of the nest, so prodigious is the little demon's appetite.

Time and again explanations have been put forward to account for the origin of this parasitic habit, but none are convincing; and the matter is made the more difficult from the fact that some species of cuckoos rear their own young—as, for example, the American yellow-billed cuckoo, a species, by the way, which is a rare vagrant to the British Islands. Another rare British cuckoo—the Great Spotted Cuckoo—presents a striking contrast to our "common" cuckoo, since it lays its eggs in the nests of crows and magpies, and here no ejection of the rightful owners of the nest takes place, but all the young are reared. Is this because crows and magpies and jays are larger, and more capable of the strain, than are meadow-pipits and wagtails?

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE BULLOCK'S HOLIDAY IN INDIA: ANIMALS IN GALA ATTIRE AT THE ANNUAL "POLA" FESTIVAL.

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Photograph supplied by Barratt.

trive to find food well on into September, why is it that the adults take their departure in July?

The eggs of the cuckoo are much sought after by the collector, partly because they show so much variation in regard to their coloration. But, curiously enough, this variability is much more marked in the Continental members of this species. Some day it may be possible to put forward some sort of explanation of this difference, but at present one cannot even hazard a peradventure.

The eagerness of the hunt for cuckoo's eggs is



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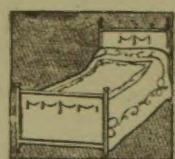
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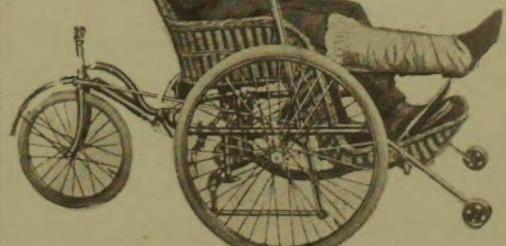
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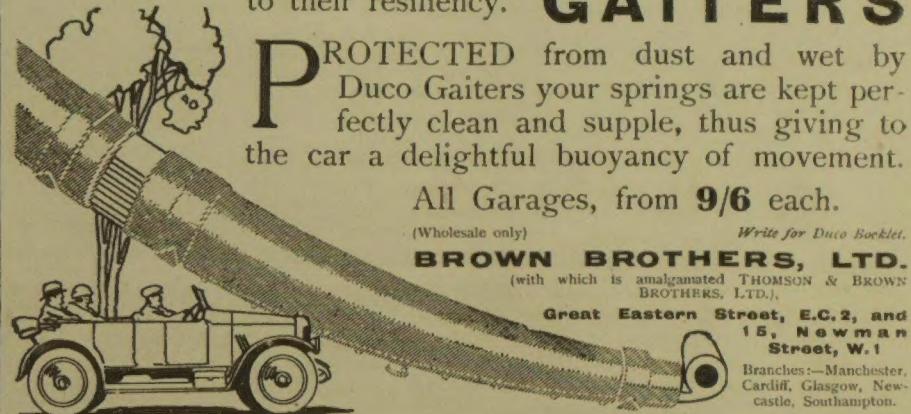
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Taxation and Officialdom. According to official figures recently issued, the total receipts from motor taxation during the period between January 1 and August 31 amount to no less a sum than £9,276,000. Of this, private cars



A HALT IN A PICTURESQUE HERTFORDSHIRE VILLAGE: A SIZAIRE-BERWICK CAR OUTSIDE AN OLD HOUSE AT NORTHCHURCH.

and motor-cycles contributed between them £4,856,700, or rather more than half, the balance being drawn from commercial vehicles, hackney motor-cars, road locomotives and so forth. This statement of account shows clearly that the total revenue from mechanically propelled transport will materially exceed £10,000,000 by the end of the year, against the £8,000,000 anticipated. Thus the motor taxes will be about the one source of revenue to produce more than the Budget estimate.

Sir Henry Maybury, who is the head of the Roads Department of the Ministry of Transport, has been talking about the excellent results given by the new scheme of taxation by horse-power. It may be agreed that the results are good—viewed from the point of view of the Ministry. Horse-power taxation

is eminently easy to administer. There is little for the officials concerned to do but to take the motorists' money and keep an account of it. It is a much more appealing system to the departmental mind than the more equitable method of taxing actual use through the medium of a fuel tax. Sir Henry looks at the matter through his own eyes, so there is no need to quarrel with him in respect of his attitude of mind towards the system. We who are flayed by it look at it from another standpoint, but that is the last thing in the world which will trouble the Ministry of Transport. As a matter of fact, it seems really doubtful if that gilt-edged department actually knows that there is another point of view than its own. Sir Henry himself has told us that the Ministry has received no more than a few complaints about the injustice of taxing possession rather than use. The clear inference is that the motoring community is perfectly satisfied with the horse-power tax and regards the system as blessed of the gods. I am perfectly certain, knowing him, that Sir Henry would not say what he is aware to be untrue. Therefore, I must assume that he is so absorbed in his official duties that he simply does not know that the motorist in the mass hates and detests the horse-power tax, and would hail with acclamation a return to the far more equitable, if not so officially convenient, tax on fuel. It seems a great pity that men holding high official positions do not sometimes descend into the places where men meet and discuss the affairs of the day. They would meet with many surprises and would absorb quite a deal of useful information to guide them in their official lives. Almost as important, they would be saved from making themselves ridiculous through making statements which are widely at variance with actual fact.

Short Period Licenses.

While on the subject of taxation, I am reminded that some months ago the Minister of Transport expressed himself favourably towards a modification of the existing manner of issuing licenses, and promised

to inquire into the possibility of "date to date" documents. His department seems to be very coy in the matter of announcing any change, and we still go on paying legalised blackmail when we have to take out licenses at any other date than January 1. For example, I am taking delivery of a new car now, and am compelled to take out a license for three months only, at an extra cost of 20 per cent. on the annual rate. I cannot get one for a full year, nor can I pay the license duty for the fifteen months ensuing to the end of 1922—which I am perfectly willing to do in order to save the 20 per cent. on the first quarter. Why?

The Finance Act, 1921-2, lays down that the tax on motor vehicles shall be £1 per rated horse-power per annum. The Roads Act gives power to the Ministry of Transport to settle what extra charge shall be made for license issued for less than a whole year and the manner of issuing them. Agreed that it is equitable that a small extra charge should be made for a quarterly license, the 20 per cent. is far too much; and in any case I cannot see why one should not be able to get a license at the statutory charge



NOT YET AMPHIBIOUS: A 15-H.P. WOLSELEY CROSSING LOCH LONG ON A FERRY BOAT.

for a whole year, irrespective of the quarter in which it is taken out. I suppose it is that the Ministry of Transport has caught the profiteering disease, and caught it badly at that.

W. W.

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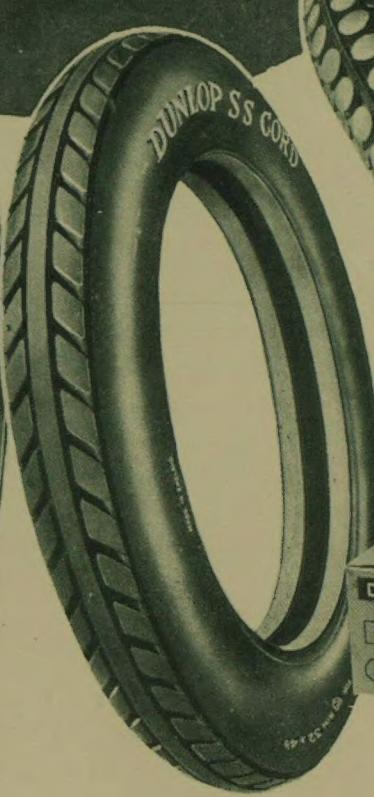


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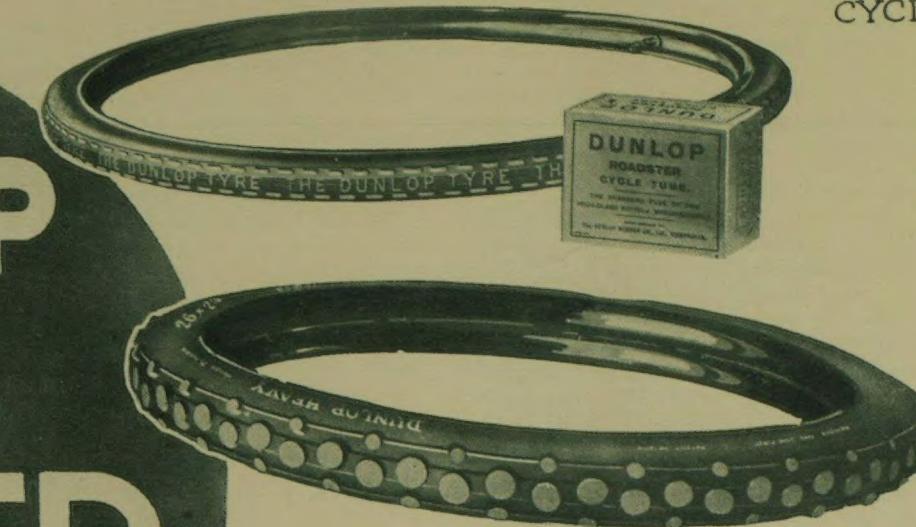
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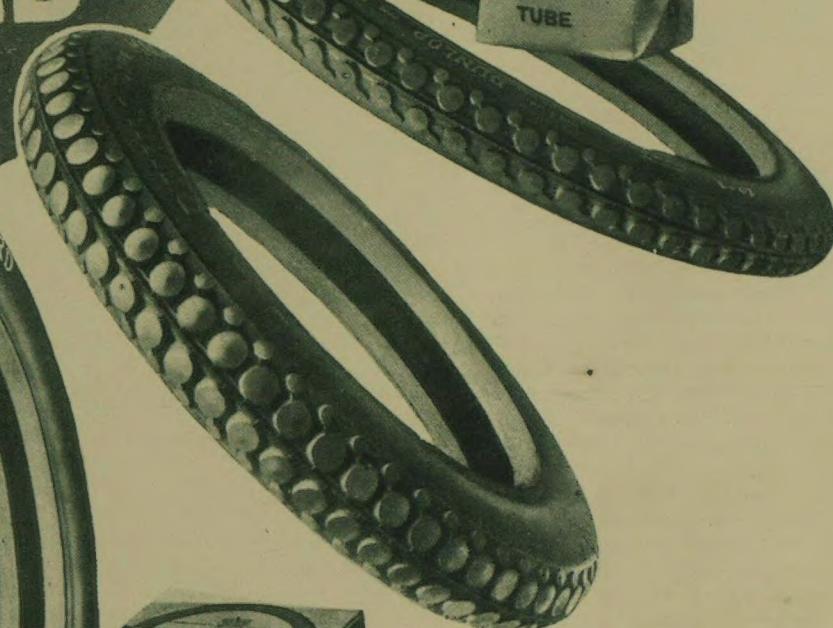
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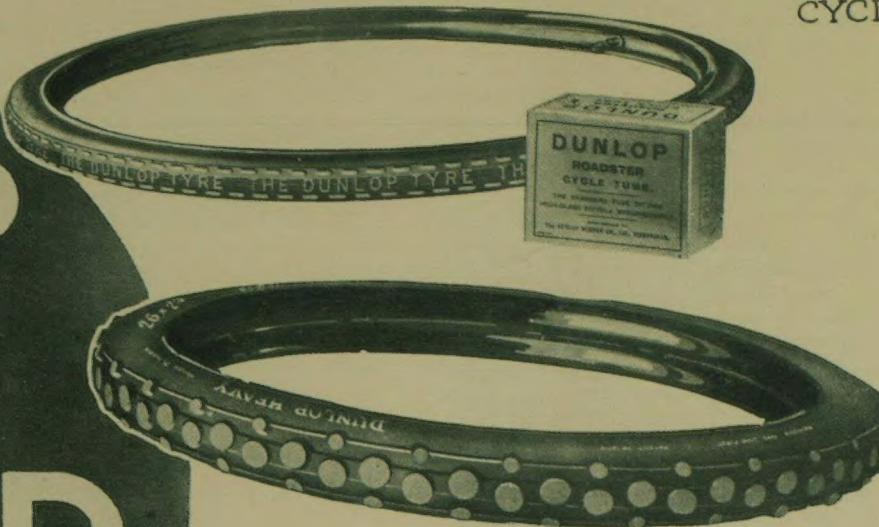
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